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GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

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PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

*GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IN
GERMANY
AND OTHER LECTURES ON
THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR*

BY
RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.
ARCHBISHOP

Fourth Edition



LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & CO. LTD.
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1892

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A. L. CROSS
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PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

VERY MUCH has been done to throw light on the history of the Thirty Years' War, since the time when Schiller published what is still the main source of information about it for the ordinary reader (1790-93); and whenever Mr. Motley addresses himself to this closing portion of that immense task which he has undertaken—and he has announced his intention of carrying on his work to the end of this War—he will find a vast amount of material collected and partially wrought up to his hand. This, however, from all reports, is little to that which is still waiting its time in the archives of Vienna, of Berlin, of Dresden, of Prague, of Stockholm, and above all, of Simancas, not to speak of Weimar and Cassel and other of the smaller capitals of Germany. Within the last few years new *Lives* of almost all the chief actors in the War have been published; as of Gustavus Adolphus, by G. Droysen (1867), wherein he makes large

use of Swedish materials, unused, as he states, by preceding historians ; of Wallenstein, by Ranke (1869) ; of Tilly, by Klopp (1861) ; of Bernard of Saxe Weimar, by Röse (1829) ; of the Emperor Ferdinand the Second, by Hurter (1850-62) ; of Ferdinand the Third, by Koch ; of Amalia of Hesse Cassel, by Rommel (1858). Gindely, well known for his researches in Bohemian history, has undertaken to tell the whole story of the War in good part from sources hitherto unexplored ; but has fallen into the mistake which few who have the first access to new materials escape ; lingering so long over the Bohemian troubles that it is difficult to say to what length the book, if ever completed, may extend, the first volume bringing us but a little way beyond the ' Fenstersturz.' The part which Brandenburg played in the struggle was very small : but Prussia as it now is makes interesting the most inglorious periods of its past history ; and all which any can want to know of its dismal share in the business is excellently told us by J. G. Droysen, *Geschichte d. Preussischen Politik*. In 1856-59, a large portion of Chemnitz's semi-official Swedish account of the War, which had hitherto remained in manuscript, was published at Stockholm, reaching from May 1641 to June 1646, this the more valuable as a great fire in Stockholm (1697) had destroyed many of the original documents.

But these works, dealing with the great historic features, or the foremost personages, the protagonists of the War, are by no means the only contributions to our knowledge of the time. The War was an event so huge, made itself felt in directions so manifold, that it has naturally been approached from points the most various. Thus, Tholuck has traced in more works than one its effects on Academic and Church life, especially in the Lutheran Church. Krabbe has done the same, but limiting his studies to one particular University (*Aus dem Kirchl. und Wissenschaftl. Leben Rostock's*, 1863). The story of the desolation of Germany, of the house of emptiness and mourning which the War left it, has been told by Hanser (*Deutschland nach dem Dreissigjährigen Kriege*, 1862), and again by Biedermann (*Deutschlands trübste Zeit*, 1862), and more at length by him in his valuable but still unfinished work, *Deutschland im achtzehnten Jahrhundert* (1867). The sufferings of particular regions have been recorded with a fulness of detail with which it would have been impossible to treat the whole, as in Keller's *Drangsal des Nassauischen Volkes*, Gotha, 1854. Many popular aspects of the War have been illustrated by Freytag (*Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit*, 1860); the ballads and other popular poems of the time have been brought together by Opel and Cohn

(*Histor. Lieder aus dem Dreissigjährigen Kriege*, 1862). Then, too, the policy of the House of Hapsburg has been profoundly discussed in lectures, only too brief and few, of an English historian, *The House of Austria in the Thirty Years' War*, by A. W. Ward, 1869. There is besides a multitude of elaborate disquisitions on special points of the War, in the best historic journals of Germany; above all in Sybel's *Forschungen zur Deutschen Geschichte*.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that these investigations will not continue; evidencing as they do that the time of a passive acquiescence in those views about the chief actors and moving springs of the War, with which men had been content so long, has now passed away. Neither is it hard to understand why thus it should be. In the last century men were still dwelling under the shelter which the Peace of Westphalia had provided; and, thankful for this shelter such as it was, discussed the War which had finally brought about this Peace with almost the same passionless equanimity as though it had been a war between Greeks and Trojans. The ugliest features of the conflict were imperfectly known; and as far as they were known, were condoned in consideration of that settlement of Europe which had issued from it, and which had lasted so long, and, as was then taken for granted, was always to

endure. With a revival in the present century of the antagonism between the rival Confessions, an entirely new treatment of the time, and of the men who stood out in that time, began. The new wine found the old vessels too weak, and demanded new vessels to contain it. The men and their work were subjected now to quite another criticism from any which hitherto they had known. It was much more than a purely historic interest which made some so eager now to prove that Tilly was a butcher, and others that Gustavus was a self-seeking robber.

Other influences have not been wanting which should help to dispel the reverence with which the diplomatic mind, and not this alone, had learned to regard the European arrangement of 1648. The Treaties of 1815 were here not without their effect, showing, as they plainly did, that this settlement was anything but a final one. And now in the rear of all this has come the Franco-German War of 1870-71, which has in nothing signalized itself so much as in an actual reversing of some of the most important results which then were arrived at, and to which the Treaties of Westphalia seemed to have set a seal which would not again be broken. Germany came out of that earlier conflict worsted, crippled, humiliated, despoiled. Concerning Alsace, and indeed concerning a great deal

more, it seemed that the last word had been spoken. We have lately learned that it had not been spoken then ; and few will dare with absolute confidence to affirm that it has been spoken now. All this has revived an interest in that old struggle, of which this new one which we have just been watching is only the prolongation ; nor need we expect any abatement of this interest for many days to come.

The Lectures which I offer here I have been perplexed whether to call a new edition, or to ignore a very small volume containing two lectures, published by me seven years ago. Of this I have used certain portions, but at the same time changing so much and adding so much as almost to give me a right to regard the present book as now for the first time published. On the whole I have thought it safest not to seem to any to present as new what is not wholly new ; and have therefore preferred to call this a second edition. They have not in their present shape been actually delivered ; but it seemed convenient to retain the form in which originally they were cast, and in which therefore they still appear.

DUBLIN : *August 1, 1872.*

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LECTURE I.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IN GERMANY.

IF historians who claim for themselves the title of philosophical had right upon a point which they very strongly urge, much of our interest in the lives of great men would at once disappear, even as their whole significance would be altered for us. It has, as we all know, of late years been the fashion with these to deny to any single men, even the greatest, that they really have exercised any mighty moulding influence on the events of their time. According to the reading of the world's story which these writers favour, the men who appear to us to have shaped their own time, and in it the times which came after, did but represent, embody, and bring to a head the tendencies of their age; which same would have been inevitably done by some other, if they had left it undone. These tendencies, in fact, are everything in their sight; the men are nothing. There is a certain air of philosophy, a show of wisdom, in such an explanation (it came to a head in the writings of Mr. Buckle), which will always secure to it a large amount of acceptance. It is welcome to small men, by the assurance which it seems to give that great men do not really contribute to form and fashion the world more than themselves—that there

are none really great after all—that men do not mould events, but events men. Nay, it will not merely be popular, but it has a certain amount of truth in it—this much namely, that a man can only be very great by reading his time aright, translating its dumb inarticulate cry into some articulate language, divining its wants and satisfying them, seeing and laying hold of the helps which the time affords to carry out the work which the time requires.

But if more than this is challenged for the age, as contrasted with the man who stands out in the age, it is challenged without any due warrant or right. This claim on behalf of the many, as against the one, is such as every page of the world's history refutes. At how many of its chief turning-points we encounter men who have stamped themselves and their single personality with an impression never to be effaced on the world in which they lived, have made that world's course other than, except for them, it would have been, have turned the stream of events into channels assuredly quite different from those in which it would else have run. Who, that is at all capable of forming a judgment, can believe that there would ever have been a free Holland except for William the Silent—or an united Italy, except for Count Cavour—or a Sadowa and Sedan, and a revived German Empire, with all which this means for the future of Europe, except for Prince Bismarck? And there are names still mightier than these. Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Mahomet, Charlemagne, each of them fashioned the history of the world, or of large portions of the world, for long succeeding ages—cast the lives, thoughts, and desti-

nies of millions of men into forms, which except for them they would never have assumed.

Now I do not pretend to place GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS in the very foremost rank among the shapers of the world's story—such, for example, as the four, perhaps the most influential of all, whom I named just now ; but I am confident to say that the history of modern Europe, above all, of a portion of it, which, by its central position, by its extent and population, by the rich intellectual gifts of its inhabitants, must always exercise an immense influence on the rest—of Germany I mean—would have shaped itself quite otherwise except for him ; that he accomplished a work which no other man then living in Europe would have accomplished or could, and that work a work which remains. So far as human eye can see, the Reformation, except for him, would have been crushed in Germany, and if in Germany, then most certainly in all northern Europe, with the exception of England, as well.

Wishing a little to set before you this man and his work, I have no choice but to go back not merely to the commencement, but to the causes of that War, by his share in which, standing out as he does its noblest and most significant figure, he won for himself that place in the world's history from which he can now never be dislodged. This, however, I shall seek as briefly as possible to do.

Every student of the history of the Reformation in Germany, indeed every reader of Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*, is familiar with one of its most

dramatic incidents. I refer to that strange surprise which the Elector Maurice of Saxony prepared for the Emperor Charles, whereby his purpose of putting down the Reformation in Germany was for ever defeated. They are familiar too with the fact that at the Convention of Passau (1552), and Treaty of Augsburg (1555), which was the legal expression of the new turn that affairs had taken, terms of compromise were arrived at between those of the 'Old Religion' and the adherents of the Confession of Augsburg, by aid of which Germany contrived to exist for some sixty years ; but to exist under such evil conditions, with such continual heartburnings, that it must have been more or less clearly felt by all who had any prophetic outlook that this compromise would end in a catastrophe, though none may have anticipated one so terrible as that which did bring the settlement then made to a close.

Yet some such was inevitable. For, indeed, the settlement at the Peace of Augsburg had been one which really settled nothing—not solving difficulties, but merely deferring them ; a hollow truce, such as would certainly be followed by a resumption of hostilities so soon as either party felt itself strong enough to denounce it with any prospect of advantage thereby. In the mean time it was continually violated by both parties alike ; so that, lasting for nearly three-quarters of a century, it lasted far longer than anyone had a right to expect. In the eyes of zealous Roman Catholics, a settlement which gave a legal allowance and an equal status to any religion beside the true was a monstrous arrangement, to be brought to an end whenever there was power to do this. Then, too, the

actual working of it in one of its most important provisions was to them a source of never-dying irritation, of complaints evermore repeated that a main condition of the Peace was violated to their hurt ; these complaints being met on the other hand by the allegation that this condition was one of extreme injustice, foisted into the Treaty nobody knew how, that from the first the Protestants had protested against it, and declared they would not be bound by it.

What, it may be asked, exactly was this 'Ecclesiastical Reservation' (*geistlicher Vorbehalt*) about which one hears so much before the War, and during the War, and until the unquiet ghost was finally laid at the Peace of Westphalia ? It was as follows. In the Treaty of Augsburg a clause had been inserted to the effect that every archbishop, bishop, abbot, or other spiritual person whatever, who changed from the 'Old Religion' to the Confession of Augsburg should, by that only fact, be considered to have vacated any preferment which he held, to have forfeited *officium* and *beneficium* alike ; and it was free to those with whom the right of election rested to proceed, as though he were dead, to the election of another, who must be a Roman Catholic, in his room. Over a large extent of northern Germany this had not been acted on, and it would have been impossible to act upon it. In most instances the transition to the Reformed Faith was not that of the prelate or other beneficiary alone, but that of all around him as well. They had moved all together, he and those with whom the election of a successor lay ; and no attempt to enforce this forfeiture had been made. It is nothing wonderful that

the Roman Catholics, having a certain legal standing-ground, should have been loud in their outcries, as they saw, little by little, vast endowments passing from their Church to another and a rival one. Nor was this the entire extent of their loss. Many of these ecclesiastical persons, prince bishops and others, having seats and votes in the Diet, they saw, further, the ever-dwindling majority which they still possessed there in imminent danger of becoming a minority.

They were the less willing to endure this, that every day they became more conscious of reviving strength. We are all now tolerably familiar with the fact, though it took many by surprise when Ranke first brought it so broadly out, that the Reformation in its early days made the spiritual conquest of many lands which afterwards escaped from it again, and reverted to their old allegiance to Rome. This was especially the case in Germany. There was a time when in Austria Proper there was not one Roman Catholic for thirty Protestants. The proportions are now, as nearly as may be, reversed. It was the same in Styria, in Bohemia, and in other lands. Only in Bavaria and the Tyrol,—Judah and Benjamin, as the Jesuits fondly called them,—was the population still faithful in the main to Rome. Everywhere else there was an immense falling away. After a while, however, the Church of Rome awoke from her first stupor and amazement, gathered up her strength, burnished her arms, found in the new Order of Jesuits a militia devoted to her interests and capable of rendering to her most effectual service ; and, dating, we may say, from the Council of Trent, changed a defensive for an offensive attitude, being resolved not

merely to hold what was still her own, but to make proof whether she could not recover a part of what seemed to most to have for ever escaped from her grasp. She was successful in this beyond all expectation. Cities like Gratz, which could not count three Roman Catholic communicants, others in which a Roman Catholic procession had not been seen in the memory of man, were brought back to her obedience; until at length it came into the hearts of the leaders, spiritual and secular, of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany to reclaim for her all the privileges of a predominant Church which at the Peace of Passau she had perforce renounced, and indeed, as we cannot doubt, to suppress the Reformation altogether.

Just at this time two men, whose hearts were wholly devoted to the work, who were willing to set all on the hazard if they could only set it forward, occupied, as it ominously happened, positions which gave them an enormous vantage-ground for the carrying out of any such design. After a succession of Emperors who had more or less accepted the Reformation as a fact not to be struggled against, one among them being personally not ill disposed to it,¹ there now ascended the Imperial throne a youthful monarch, Ferdinand the Second, who, true to the vow which he had made at Loretto, was resolved not to regard it as thus irreversible, who had already in a narrower sphere, as Duke of Carinthia, shown what might be done in the matter of reversing it. In all such purposes as these, his schoolfellow and cousin, and finally his son-in-law, Maximilian of Bavaria, a soldier,

¹ On Maximilian the Second's inclinations to the Reformation, see Ward's *House of Austria*, p. 13.

which Ferdinand was not, was his effectual aider and abettor.¹

With these to favour and to forward it, the Roman Catholic reaction made ever more rapid strides in advance. One by one the liberties of the Protestants, though sanctioned by long custom or by legal acts, were encroached on and diminished. It was sought to wrest from them endowments which were theirs by the undisturbed possession of half a century or more. In many parts of Germany the only alternatives offered to them were exile or conformity to Rome.

There was, unhappily, among the professors of the Reformed Faith too much to invite these encroachments. The love of many had grown cold. A hard, rigid assertion of certain dogmas had taken the place of faith working by love. And this was not all. While Rome had been knitting herself more and more into unity and strength, fatal elements of division had revealed themselves on the other side. The adherents of the unaltered Confession of Augsburg, the Lutherans proper, had lost other ground besides that which they had lost to Rome during the last sixty years. The Reformation after the Swiss model, or, to speak more accurately, after the French, for Calvin and not Zwingle was the proper author of it, had made great way in Germany, and altogether at their expense. Many of the smaller princes, as the Margrave Ernest Frederick of Baden, had abandoned the Lutheran for the Reformed Faith (I use Reformed here in its narrower sense), and in 1613, gravest loss of all, the Elector of Brandenburg had done the same.

¹ There is an interesting sketch of Maximilian, presenting him on his most favourable side, by Thiersch, *Luther, Maximilian und Gustaf Adolf*, p. 186.

There was here an element of division in the Protestant camp, which, serious at any time, was almost fatal at this. Lutherans and Calvinists, even in the presence of a common enemy, could with difficulty refrain from biting and devouring one another, and this while another was evidently watching and waiting to devour them both. The Bohemian enterprise of Frederick the Elector Palatine could scarcely have ended otherwise than in disaster, but how much the fanatic violence of his Calvinistic advisers contributed to make this disaster swifter, surer, more overwhelming, is sufficiently known to all who know anything of this chapter of European history.

But, not dwelling more on this intestine discord in the Protestant camp, and fixing our attention on that broad and more fundamental antagonism between Protestants and Roman Catholics, shall we, in bringing this antagonism clearly out, have sufficiently explained and accounted for the War? Was it in fact a war of religion? This is a question which has been often asked, and which has received very various answers. It may seem to those who hear me that I, for my part, have already answered it; but not altogether so. For indeed before any answer is attempted, we ought clearly to understand what is meant by a religious war. The words may mean one thing, or they may mean quite another. It was, in one sense, assuredly a religious war. The evident resolution of the chiefs of the Roman Catholic party to bring back all Germany to the Roman obedience, the certainty that Ferdinand would attempt this in Bohemia, as he had already effected it in Carinthia and Styria, it was this which drove the Bohemian Pro-

testants to disallow his title to the throne, and to choose a king for themselves; the War, as all know, taking its beginning from this act of theirs. The same convictions on the part of the German Protestants that their very existence was at stake, caused them to welcome Gustavus as a deliverer, and was for multitudes the animating principle of their resistance to the Imperial power.

It would then be perfectly idle to deny that the antagonism of the Creeds was a principal cause of the War. Let those who will, use this admission to lay the War, with all the weakness and the woe, the territorial losses, the moral and material prostration, which it entailed on Germany, to the Reformation. Thus far they have right, that there would have been no such war except for the Reformation; but let us add, as a complement to this admission, that there would have been none even with the Reformation, except for the wicked attempt to crush a spiritual movement by material and brutal force. But this has not explained all. The religious differences might have bred a war, but certainly not this war. There are causes of this which lie deep, which reach back into a period in the history of the German people long anterior to the great schism of the century preceding. Vast and accumulating through long ages had been those evil treasures of mutual jealousy and hatred which could maintain a conflict such as this was for thirty years.

First and foremost among these causes was the deep-rooted suspicion, entertained by all the smaller German Princes and Estates, of designs against their independence, with which they never ceased to credit

the Emperor and his advisers. No doubt, according to the theory of the Empire which found favour at Vienna, and which was not without its historic justification, they were vassals who, little by little, had escaped obligations due to their feudal lord paramount; and if at any time he had possessed the power and opportunity of bringing them back under these, he would have counted that so doing he was only reclaiming and recovering his own; this, by more than one effort of the kind, he made sufficiently manifest. Nor were these fears confined to Germany alone. The spectre of an universal Austro-Spanish Monarchy overshadowing Europe had not yet been laid; and England, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, all were prepared, in their measure and in their turn, to take part in any efforts which should render such a consummation, as hateful in its political as in its religious aspect, impossible. I defer, for the present, to speak of the mischievous activity of France, ever seeking to make her own game out of the divisions of Germany,—*Vindex Libertatis Germanicæ*, as she loved to proclaim herself,—though this must not be left out of sight when we are summing up the main causes of the War.

Confusio divinitus conservata—this was what Oxenstiern, the great Swedish Chancellor, was wont to call the Holy Roman Empire. The divine conservation had for some time ceased effectually to work, and, as was soon to be evident, nothing but the confusion remained. For long years before the actual breaking out of hostilities, the mutual exasperation, the estrangement of Germans from Germans, had been growing in intensity, each party ascribing the most

hateful designs to the other. The war, not yet transferred to the battle-field, was already fought, and with weapons sharp and envenomed as mutual suspicion, scorn, and fear could make them, in such other domains as it could freely move in, that of theology, alas! being the chief of these. In these evil conditions matters continued for a long while, one sword keeping, and yet hardly keeping, another in the scabbard; but they could not continue for ever. As the tension waxed ever more and more, several of the Protestant Princes and Free Cities formed themselves, for common defence, into what was called the Protestant Union, to which those on the other side replied by a Catholic League. And now the hidden fires, which had been long smouldering beneath the surface, darted out here and there a tongue of flame to tell of their presence. Not, however, till 1618 did the flames burst openly forth, and then in a remote part of Germany, in Bohemia; but with so much inflammable material everywhere prepared, it was not long before the conflagration spread over all; a fire which should not be extinguished for thirty years, and which in the end rather burnt itself out, all the fuel which could feed it being consumed, than can be said to have been extinguished at all.

This War, the longest, the most terrible which modern Europe has seen—in which ‘Germany was tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked, brayed as in a mortar under the iron mace of war’—from which, as many believe, at this day it has only partially recovered—may be conveniently divided into three periods, being indeed not so much one war, as four or five wars, following close or with only briefest

pause on one another, each one growing as by a miserable necessity out of that which went before. In the first of these periods, which, extending from 1618 to 1630, includes the Bohemian and the Danish Wars, the arms of the Catholic League and of the Emperor were everywhere triumphant, beating down the feeble and ill-concerted efforts of such among the Protestant Princes as ventured on resistance, scattering the forces of some military adventurers, who, in all ways unequal to the task, would have stood in the gap; and lastly, compelling Christian the Fourth, King of Denmark, who, as Duke of Holstein, would fain have meddled in the matter, to withdraw again with shame and defeat, to his islands. And now it seemed as though the end had come. All Germany lay prostrate at the feet of the Emperor, and of Wallenstein, his terrible commander; who, advancing the Imperial banners to the shores of the German Ocean, was invested with the threatening title of Admiral of the Oceanic and Baltic Sea; while the Protestants, by the so-called Edict of Restitution stripped, in great part, of their rights, expelled from endowments many of which they had enjoyed for three-quarters of a century, their legal standing in the Empire interpreted by triumphant foes would have been just allowed to exist by sufferance for a few years, and would then have seen even this toleration withdrawn (it had been already withdrawn by the Roman Catholic Princes in their own territories), and must either have renounced their faith or have quitted the land, supposing so favourable an alternative had been allowed to them.

In one of the innu

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phlets which attest the intense interest wherewith the career of Gustavus was watched in England, the position of affairs at this period is delineated well. Having described the mischief-making intrigues of the Jesuits, those 'incendiaries of the Christian world,' as he calls them, who had brought matters thus far, the writer goes on to say :—'And whereas many, ignorant of the Jesuits' far-fetched secret stratagems, did verily believe that now they were attained to the utmost end they aimed at, it appeared far otherwise. For now the fire that so long lay covered under the ashes breaks forth, and sets upon a sudden all these flourishing provinces of Germany in a blaze ; and the vizard now removed, their purpose was made manifest to the blindest eyesight, to wit the total ruin of the true religion, in many, yea, in most parts of Germany professed, the reducing of them again to the Romish superstition, and utter overthrow of the liberties of the Roman Empire ; whose designs whosoever, in defence of God's cause and the liberties of their own country, did any way oppose, have been in most barbarous manner prosecuted and persecuted with fire and sword, and many forced to forsake their ancient inheritances, to save their lives and keep a good conscience in still professing that religion wherein they had hitherto been brought up. Others again, more pusillanimous, and loth to lose all for Christ, besides a shameful and perfidious abjuration of that truth which before they had professed, were yet notwithstanding forced to yield to such slavish and servile conditions as the insolency of a victorious enemy was pleased to impose upon them.'¹

¹ *Short Survey of the Kingdom of Sweden.* London, 1632.

It was in this extremity that God raised up a helper for the suffering members of the Reformed Faith in Germany—Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. *Cum duplicantur lateres, Moses venit*—the proverb was a favourite one with the Protestants at the time ; and when the affliction was double, the Deliverer indeed came. Urged on by motives at once political and religious, he descended upon Germany ; in little more than two short years turned the whole tide of affairs, until on the plains of Lützen he crowned an heroic life with an heroic death. In this brief period—the Swedish period, we may call it—was the turning-point, the περιτέρεια, of the bloody drama, which for thirty years was enacted on the German stage.

The third act of the tragedy commenced with his death. The cause which he came to support staggered for a season under this blow, was brought at one moment very low, yet never entirely lost the ascendancy which his victories had given it. Sweden, it is true, could not of herself have brought the contest to a close ; but France stepped in, a mightier helper ; and when, sixteen years after his death, in 1648, the end at length arrived, then, by the Treaties of Westphalia, the entirely equal rights of the two Confessions were recognized ; and not of these only, for a third, the Reformed or Calvinist, was admitted to a footing of equality, and this has remained the public law of Germany from that day to the present, nor has it at any time since been seriously disturbed.

Now it is the man who thus turned the tide, who rose like a day-star on the darkest hour of a suffering nation's life, 'The Lion of the Midnight,' as with a play on the word in German which at once means

'midnight' and 'north,' he has been sometimes called, that I desire to present to you—what manner of man he was, and how he set about and carried through the arduous work which he undertook.

But before proceeding further, it may be well to consider, briefly, what was the distribution of political forces at the breaking out and in the earlier stages of the War, what the objects and aims which the several States at that time making up the European system, and directly mingling with or more remotely affected by this War, intended the most.

The Reformation was now a century old. It was no longer the mighty power which it once had been ; yet it still could be counted for much, in the love wherewith some, in the hate wherewith others, regarded it ; a power which could make itself felt in the region of politics no less than that of religion. Much in reality, it might be plausibly urged as the excuse, plea, and justification of very much more, which did not at all find its true motive therein.

Setting then Russia aside, as not having yet distinctly entered into the sphere of European politics, and Turkey, as still standing in a hostile attitude not to one section of Christendom, but to Christendom as a whole, we may say roughly that Europe was separated into two camps, a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, the first occupying the south, and the second the north. Spain and Austria, still to a certain extent one power, as being ruled by one and the same family, divided between them the leadership of the Southern League, if for lack of a better word we may employ one so little accurate as this. In the

matter of putting down the Reformation in Germany, Bavaria, as leading and representing the secondary Roman Catholic powers therein, was perfectly at one with these. To them Poland must be added, regained for Rome by the devotion of the Jesuits, and now thrusting itself as a huge bastion into the Protestant North.

Of the Protestant Confederation—so far as it could be called such—England was the natural head ; and, so long as Queen Elizabeth lived, despite of partial unfaithfulnesses to the task, fulfilled its part as such. There were ranged on the same side the seven revolted Provinces of Holland, Sweden, Denmark, the principal Free Cities of Germany, and, for a time at least, the Protestant Electorates of Saxony and Brandenburg, with some of the smaller principalities in the land.

You will doubtless have observed that thus far I have made no mention of France, as throwing her immense influence into either scale. If religion had been the sole determining motive which ranged on the one side or on the other, there could have been no doubt on which side France would be found ; but the subtle and daring statesman, the ‘Storm-Spirit’ (*Spiritus procellarum*, as a contemporary tells us he was called), who at this time ruled the destinies of France, caring little for religion, cared much for the aggrandizement of France, which could only be through the humiliation of the House of Hapsburg. And thus when, by the taking of Rochelle, the political power of Protestantism at home was for ever broken, Richelieu threw first the influence and subsidies, and, when this became necessary, the arms of

France into the Protestant scale ; and when the end arrived, claimed, or rather had left to Mazarin his successor to claim, the lion's share of the spoil.

But neither on the one side nor on the other was there the strength and unity of action which result from single and undivided aims. None who took part in the contest but had private and separate objects of their own to attain, which were often much dearer to them than the avowed objects for the general good which they professed to be seeking. In both camps there were the weaknesses which are the inevitable result of such a partial and not whole-hearted allegiance to the common cause.

England, as I have observed already, was the natural leader of that loose confederation of nations which were resolved to hold fast the gains which by the Reformation they had made their own ; but James the First could not renounce the hope that, without a war, by the help of a Spanish match, he might bring about the restoration of his son-in-law to his lost Electorate, which was all that he much cared for. A leader who will not lead, but whom from various causes it is impossible to set aside, is about the most effectual hindrance to vigorous and concerted action that can anywhere be found. Such a leader was James ; and the part which England played in the War, the helpless helper which she proved, and this long before her own troubles occupied her wholly, was only that which might beforehand have been expected.

Then, too, while Denmark and Sweden had a common interest in preventing the Emperor from acquiring what above all he was eager to acquire,

namely, a footing on the coasts of the Northern Sea and of the Baltic, while they could heartily work together for this, as at the siege of Stralsund for a single moment they did, they were full of the memories of wrongs inflicted and endured, of fierce and bloody wars waged between themselves for the supremacy of the North. Denmark had not forgotten that only a few years earlier Sweden had violently thrown off the yoke of a Danish dynasty, and regarded with an intensely jealous eye the advances in power and position which her rival was making in the world. Neither had Sweden forgotten in the past, as indeed it was not a thing to forget, the 'Blood-bath of Stockholm,' while in the present she chafed under the restraints of the Sound and of the Belts, grudged exceedingly the tolls levied on her commerce, and could ill endure that a rival power should thus hold in possession, to close at will, the gates by which Sweden communicated with the world beyond.

Again, Maximilian of Bavaria and the Roman Catholic League, to which he had imparted something of his own energy, were at one with the House of Austria in desiring the complete triumph of the Roman Catholic Faith, the repression, and, as we cannot doubt, the ultimate suppression of the Reformation all over Germany. On this point they were more zealous than the Imperialists proper, with whom this, if in part an end, was in part also only the means to other purely dynastic objects and ends. While, however, they were thus in perfect consent with the Emperor here, they were by no means willing that he should obtain that enormous increase of authority and power which he hoped that this struggle, brought to a triumphant close,

would give him. They saw with alarm and dismay how greatly that power had grown through the successes of the earlier stages of the War, how prompt he was to put it to immediate use, to revive dormant claims, and to bear himself in the Empire as though he was therein the absolute lord of all. It followed as a consequence of this, that the two armies, that of the Emperor and of the League, represented often diverging policies and aims. Their chiefs were only with difficulty brought to act together ; sometimes and at moments the most critical, could not be brought to act together at all. Thus at the siege of Stralsund (1629), the very turning-point of the War, Wallenstein demanded reinforcements from Tilly, and was refused. What other disastrous consequences this jealousy entailed will presently appear.

The two branches of the House of Hapsburg, the Spanish and the Austrian, were more one-minded. The jealousies which had reigned between them ever since the partition by Charles the Fifth of his immense dominions between his son and his brother were now laid aside. There were occasional divergences of interest with coolnesses and intrigues ensuing ; and the Spanish, as the elder branch, was disposed to assume that it had the right to dictate the policy of both ; but in the main they wrought harmoniously together, and as having the same interests to further. For Spain, so long as she was determined to continue the struggle in the Low Countries, it was wellnigh vital that there should be a free passage along the Rhine country between her Italian possessions and the Provinces which still owned allegiance to her ; *while the reconquest of the others, which all the world*

besides had long since seen to be impossible, even she must have owned to be helpless, unless the strength of the Reformation were thoroughly broken in North Germany. To her, too, the possession of some foothold in the northern seas was an object of intense desire, hoping to infest from this the coasts of Holland, to harass her commerce, to exclude her from the Baltic, and so to cut her off from those materials for ship-building on which her very existence depended.

Of others, and, above all, of those who should have been the first and foremost on the Protestant side, but were far oftener found ranged on the other, the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and of the shifting, shuffling, vacillating policy of these, there will be only too abundant occasion presently to speak. I pass them therefore by for the present ; and return to him, whom and whose career we shall better understand, from having made ourselves a little familiar with the policies and purposes of the principal European States at the time.

Gustavus Adolphus, born in 1594, was the grandson of Gustavus Wasa, whose marvellous escapes in Dalecarlia, hunted as he was to the death by the murderer of all his kin and usurper of the Swedish throne, have held many of us breathless with hope and fear in our childhood. The family, of which he was the crown and flower, was a greatly gifted one, with rare predispositions for art, above all for music, and with a love for literature which in the rude North must then have been most rare. Singularly fortunate in the chief instructor of his youth, John Skytte by name, he testified his sense of this good

fortune by the boundless gratitude in word and deed which he ever delighted to show to him. That as a child he had been skilfully taught, we may conclude from the fact that at the age of twelve he spoke Latin, German, Dutch, French, and Italian well, and had a sufficient acquaintance with Polish and Russian. Nor was he ignorant of Greek, but took pleasure during all his life in its great masterpieces; while yet the soldierly instinct, overbearing in him the literary, spoke out in the fact that Xenophon was his favourite author.

But, dear as were the liberal arts to him, there was a study which was dearer still; and his predilections for it were early displayed. The great religious wars, consequent on the Reformation, had only as yet been partially fought out. The age was a warlike one, and many of the famous soldiers of the time resorted to his father's court—probably the more that the long truce between Spain and her revolted provinces—those Low Countries which had been so long the cockpit of Europe, 'the dancing-place of Mars' (1609-21)—left many distinguished soldiers without occupation or employment. There may very well have been gathered at that court some who had followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre into the thickest of the fight at Ivry; or who had stood beside the Prince of Parma on the bridge of Antwerp, at the explosion of that infernal machine which so nearly cost him his life; or who had shared in that ever-memorable defence of Ostend (1601-4); or assisted at some of those famous sieges under the young Poliorcetes of his age, Maurice of Nassau, *ounder of that school of scientific warfare which Gus*

tavus himself should afterwards do so much to carry forward and complete. These sieges, I may mention by the way, he carefully studied, as full of lessons the most instructive, whenever in after years he was engaged in similar operations. For the present, we are told, the youthful Prince was never weary of questioning these military strangers concerning the famous passages of arms in which they had borne a part. He was soon to change the theory of war for the practice ; and to make good the *Ille faciet*, with which his father, laying his hand on the head of the youthful Prince, would designate him as one destined to accomplish difficult and hazardous enterprises which he himself shrank from undertaking.

When in the year 1611 he ascended, at his father's death, the Swedish throne, being then in his eighteenth year, he found an exhausted treasury, an alienated nobility, a not undisputed succession ; and with all this, no less than three wars upon his hands—one with Denmark actually raging, the Danes occupying many strongholds in his dominions ; the seeds of two other wars, with Russia and with Poland, sown ; those of the first shortly, and of the second surely, though after a longer interval, to spring up. In bringing these wars to a conclusion, the first with painful sacrifices, the second and third with success, and with as much of honour as was to be gotten from such adversaries as these, he served a rude and hard apprenticeship in the art of war. And though the great commander, like the great poet, is not made but born, still we may believe that in these obscure struggles he won an experience which afterwards served him in good stead on a more conspicuous stage.

At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that the soldier in him altogether swallowed up the administrator and civil ruler of his land. How far other objects were subservient in his eyes to the making Sweden powerful for war, it may be difficult to say. No doubt he felt that if the land which he ruled was to count for anything in the world, this could only be through the possession of adequate resources of population and wealth on which to draw, and from the first he set himself to the augmenting of both. He built some sixteen new cities ; by the offer of various privileges invited and induced many foreigners to settle in the land ; by the importation of flocks from Germany improved the breed of sheep ; drew to the surface the rich mineral treasures, above all, those of iron, with which the land abounded ; established arsenals ; constituted more regular tribunals for the dispensing of justice ; founded schools of higher education ; enlarged and endowed the University of Upsala ; and, in fact, transformed Sweden from its rude medieval condition into a modern European State.

Some serious disputes with his nobility he brought, by a happy mixture of firmness and moderation, to a settlement in which all acquiesced. The misfortune would have been great for Sweden if its aristocracy had succeeded in reducing the kingly power to a shadow, as it had pretty nearly done in Denmark ; and hardly less, if the contest had ended, as a little later it ended in France, leaving the nobility nothing and the Crown everything. Both these calamitous issues he managed to avert. The exclusive privileges of the nobility were greatly restricted ; but with such free acquiescence on their part, that, as a contem-

porary writer has expressed it, no king ever demanded more from his nobility than he did, and none ever obtained more.

The wars in which Gustavus had engaged, and of which I just now spoke, as having occupied so much of the earlier period of his reign, though obscure and lost to memory now, were famous once ; and thus it came to pass that the eyes of the suffering members of the Reformed Faith in Germany were more and more turned in hope towards the youthful King of Sweden, as it became daily more evident that deliverance, if it came at all, must come from without, that Germany could not herself produce the hero whom the crisis demanded.

Gustavus for twelve years had watched the hideous strife, not without a clear presentiment that sooner or later he would be himself drawn into its vortex. Nay, as early as 1624-5, he had almost committed himself to it, having accepted the directorate of a league which was to embrace all the Protestant powers of Northern Europe. At the last moment Christian the Fourth of Denmark, who could ill endure that this leadership should be in any other hands than his own, managed to outbid him, and, mainly by the favour of his brother-in-law, our first James, to have it committed to him ; whereupon Gustavus withdrew altogether from the enterprise, which he felt far too perilous a one to undertake, unless the whole conduct of it was his own.

There was none to dispute this leadership with him now. But for all this he might very fitly pause before the irrevocable step was taken. True, that he had

brought three wars, one to a tolerable, and two to a successful close ; but it was altogether another thing to step down into the bloody arena of the German debate ; to challenge to arms all the power of the Catholic League, of the Empire, and, in all likelihood, of Spain, led by Tilly and by Wallenstein—reputed, for Turenne's name had not yet been heard of, and Condé was still a boy, the foremost captains of the time. Gustavus, who was as much a statesman as a soldier, disguised from himself none of the difficulties and dangers of the task.

They were, indeed, many and enormous. Sweden was a poor and thinly-peopled country ; if we set its population at this time, including that of Finland and Lapland, at two millions, we should in all likelihood somewhat overrate it. It was already exhausted by three wars which had rapidly succeeded one another ; how would it endure the further drain in men and money of such a contest as this ? And then, what efficient allies could he hope to find among the Protestant Princes of Germany—full of pride and punctilio, jealous of one another, and certain, if he prospered, to be still more jealous of him ;—thoroughly cowed by the signal example which had been made of one of them, the poor Elector Palatine ? He, like the camel in the fable, which went out for horns, but came back without ears, had not merely been driven from that Bohemian throne, which he should never have accepted, or known better how to defend, but, stripped of his Electorate and placed under the ban of the Empire, was now carrying his distresses, a needy exile, round all the courts of Protestant Europe.

What help was there from these, willing to be

saved from a peril to which they could not shut their eyes, if only they could be saved without any serious effort or hazard of their own, if only the flower safety could be plucked anywhere except from the nettle danger? And the great body of the Reformed in Germany, whose cry came to him, they too, loving the truth which they held, yet certainly had not hitherto shown that they loved it as at that tremendous crisis it demanded to be loved, better than life itself, and all which life could offer.

Besides all this, setting out upon this distant enterprise—for it was likely to carry him far and ever farther from home—he left many and most real dangers behind him. At his very door he had a neighbour, but no friend. Christian of Denmark, as I have mentioned already, had stood forth for a time as the champion of the oppressed Protestants of Germany; but the burden was for other shoulders than his. Personally brave, accomplished, and still reckoned by the Danes as among the best of their kings, he may have come out of other dangerous enterprises with credit and honour, but certainly not out of this. At the head of that ill-contrived Protestant League, in which Gustavus had very wisely declined to take a secondary part, he had, after two or three badly managed campaigns, been driven out of North Germany, out of his continental dominions, and only not out of his islands, because the Imperialists, being without a fleet, could not follow him thither. He had now retired from the conflict, having obtained, by the abandonment of his friends and allies, an inglorious peace for himself, known as the Peace of Lubeck (1629), and the restoration of such

of his territories as were in the enemy's hands. Having thus discredibly failed, he was ill content, and did not conceal his displeasure, that another should reap honour where he had only reaped shame, should acquire that prestige and predominance in all the North which he had forfeited and lost. Whatever he could do to thwart Gustavus and put obstacles in his way he did ; and the King, when he plunged into the heart of Germany, knew that he left behind him not a friend on whose help, if things came to the worst, he might rely, but a rival who might at any moment turn into a foe. That this danger was a real one, that Gustavus left a Danish war behind him, the sequel, though not in his own life-time, abundantly proved. When to all this we add that, if anything happened to him, a little daughter of tenderest age—she was four years old when he passed over into Germany—was the sole heir to the Swedish throne, we shall own that there was here a combination of dangers which might justly have made the boldest to pause.

In one thing the King was eminently happy. He possessed what kings do not always possess, a friend ; and one in all points worthy of himself. Great himself, he was ever quick to recognize greatness in others, and drew into his circle, attracted and attached to himself, the worthiest, the noblest, and the best of those who came into contact with him. None had been drawn so closely as Oxenstiern, raised by him to be Chancellor of his kingdom. Long and anxiously, in many a written communication which can even now be read, all that was to be hoped, and all that was to be feared from this enterprise,

was earnestly debated between them ; the Chancellor for the most part urging his doubts and his difficulties, the King seeking to extenuate or to set these aside.¹ At length his resolution was fully formed, and the consent of his Estates obtained. Then, when the die was cast, the King exclaimed—‘For me there remains henceforth no more rest but the eternal.’ Solemn words, which show that he shut his eyes to none of the infinite toils of the work which was before him ! Many dangers of the battle-field he had escaped ; but it was little likely that he should escape them to the end. As he said himself—for he loved proverbs and their homely, practical wisdom—‘The pitcher goes often to the well, but it is broken at last ;’ and he quitted Sweden, high indeed of heart and hope, but with the sure presentiment that he quitted it never to return.

Let us pause for an instant here, and seek to penetrate into the recesses of the King’s heart, and by such light as we possess to read the motives which launched him on an enterprise of such incalculable hazard for himself and for his kingdom. It is only too easy to fall into error on the one side or the other, either putting into too exclusive prominence, as many Protestant historians have done, the religious motives which had here their undoubted share, or else refusing to allow anything for these, and seeking

¹ Droysen (*Gustaf Adolf*, vol. i. p. 60) records a saying of Gustavus to Oxenstiern, *Tu nimis frigidus semper cunctis in negotiis currenti moram injicis* ; and the Chancellor’s rejoinder, *At ego nisi hoc frigore calorem tuum subinde restinguere, totus olim conflagrasses.*

in the political conditions of the time the whole explanation of his conduct.

Thus while, no doubt, his sympathy with his co-religionists in Germany, and with their sufferings, was deep and genuine, I do not at all believe that upon this provocation alone he would have undertaken his German war. Doubtless there was added to this a sense of the most real danger which threatened his own kingdom, if the entire liberties, political and religious, of Northern Germany were trodden out, and the cities of the Hanseatic League, Stralsund and the rest, falling into the hands of the Emperor, became hostile outposts from which to assail him, arsenals in which to prepare the fleets which should wrest from the Scandinavian powers the dominion, hitherto possessed by them, of their own Sea, the one condition, as things now stood, either of their religious or political freedom. Those who speak of him as meddling with what did not concern him, conveniently refuse to remember that for years the formation of a navy on the Baltic and the Northern Sea, with the avowed object of bringing Sweden and Denmark into subjection, had been the favourite project of Spain and Austria alike. He felt that he was only going to meet a war which, if he tarried at home, would sooner or later inevitably come to seek him there; that, however aggressive in form, the war was defensive in reality. The discourse which he made at his solemn leavetaking of his Estates, being on the point to set sail for Germany, is instructive. In this he adduced three reasons which had compelled him to make war against the Emperor. The first of these was the succour, in the

shape of several thousand men, which Wallenstein had sent to his Polish enemies; the second, the insult to himself, and the menace behind the insult, in the exclusion of his envoys from the negotiations for the Peace of Lubeck; and the third, the persecutions and oppressions of various kinds which his Protestant brethren throughout Germany were enduring.¹ None

¹ Certainly the language in which he speaks of these seems to me directly to contradict the statement which Droysen makes again and again, namely, that Gustavus did not at any time even pretend to urge any other motives except the political as moving him to his great undertaking. Thus take these noble and touching words:—‘The purpose of the Catholics is everywhere known and manifest. They have long desired nothing else than the extirpation and ruin of the orthodox Protestants. But in former times the religious persecutions were only partial and affected only single kingdoms, countries, and towns, and did not extend over others. But now it has gone so far that the persecution is universal. And not in intention only; in Germany all is put down; in Denmark much is lost; in Poland they scarcely venture to speak of the Gospel any more. It fares little better elsewhere. In short, our opponents and enemies flourish, our friends and all opposers of the Papacy languish in distress and wretchedness. As many of them as have fled from the sword, a burden to themselves, a mockery to their enemies, wander through the wide world, and must endure that wife and child, either by fair means or by foul, be drawn to another faith and worship, so that they end their life in anguish and despair; and those rather may be counted happy whom the sword has slain. Does any one preach or write against the Papacy, he is at once imprisoned, accused *criminis læsæ majestatis et turbatae rei publicæ*, punished with death or with perpetual confinement. And from this neither age, condition, nor sex protects. There is now no kingdom in Europe more free than Sweden, but the calamity draws nearer and nearer to us and grows from day to day. The Papists have already gained a footing in the Baltic, they have strengthened themselves there, they have taken possession, not only of Holstein and Jutland, but also of Rostock, Wismar,

can deem the worse of Gustavus that other motives mingled with these last, and contributed as much or more to the resolutions at which he finally arrived. A king is not a knight-errant; his first duty is to his own kingdom; and unless that expedition on which he was setting forth had intimately concerned Sweden, he could scarcely or not at all have been justified in demanding from her sacrifices so immense, and exposing her to dangers so many.

Long hindered by contrary winds, he at length made a prosperous passage; and on Midsummer Day, 1630 (some called to mind with interest that it was exactly the centenary of the delivery of the Augsburg Confession), he landed amid thunder and lightning on the little island of Usedom, at the mouth of the Oder. Himself the foremost on the shore, Gustavus fell at once upon his knees, and poured out his soul in earnest prayer; and then, as the *laborare* and the *orare*—the working and praying—went ever hand in hand with him, he was the first to seize the spade; and as fast as the troops landed, he raised with one half entrenchments, while the other half stood in battle array, ready to repel any who should molest them. The precaution was not superfluous. The whole coast as he

Stettin, Wohlgast, Colberg, Greifswald, and all other smaller harbours in Mecklenburg and Pomerania. They have captured Rügen, they seek to conquer Stralsund, they strain their utmost to establish a Baltic Sea fleet, in order to assail the Swedish commerce and traffic, and, passing over to Sweden, to plant a firm foot here.' This passage taken as a whole conveys, I believe, a very fair impression of the various motives at work in the mind of the Swedish King.

drew nigh to it was ablaze with hostile watch-fires, though, at the last moment, the enemy had withdrawn a few miles, and did not attempt to trouble the landing. The army which Gustavus brought with him (and he could not at this time count a single ally in Germany) seems to us ridiculously inadequate to the work which he had undertaken. In Pomerania alone there were some forty thousand Imperial troops, under the command of Torquato Conti, an Italian adventurer, and one of the cruellest and worst of Wallenstein's brigand chiefs,¹ but very far from an incapable commander. The Swedish army, after troops sufficient had been left behind to watch the Danes on one side and the Poles on another, did not amount to more than eighteen thousand men, of whom only three thousand (Riche-lieu says four) were cavalry. Reinforcements, however, were soon to follow, while in the garrison of Stralsund he had already some thousand troops in Germany. To these there must be added a numerous and well-appointed artillery, on which, like all great commanders, he set ever the highest store. In this arm he was vastly superior to his enemies, and to this superiority, joined to that which he possessed in all which concerned military engineering, he owed in large part his successes.

But if the numbers of his army were small, the materials were admirable—hardy children of the North, as ready, perhaps readier, for a winter campaign than for a summer; trained in the habits of a strict, and, so far as he could make it so, a godly discipline.

¹ Some earlier exploits of his had earned for him the name of 'The Butcher of Pasewalk.'

Nor certainly was the material of Gustavus's army rendered worse by including in its ranks a Scottish brigade ; for of the officers who served under Gustavus there are none of whom we hear more often or more honourably than the Setons, the Leslie's, the Mackays, the Monroes, the Hepburns, the Bruces—none who were more entirely trusted by the King, or on whom he was more apt to rely when some difficult and dangerous exploit was on hand. To the present day there are among the Swedish nobility several who bear Scottish names, descendants of those who fought under the great King.¹

Then, too, he had formed, and at his death left behind him, a school of illustrious captains, only inferior to himself in military skill. Pointing to a group of his staff-officers, soon after he entered Germany, he said to Charnacé, the French Envoy—' All these are captains, and fit to command armies.' It was no empty boast. When his disappearance from the scene gave them room to display their powers to the full, they well approved the confidence that he had in them. One, indeed, of these, whom he is said to have esteemed the highest of all, fell before him, on the field of Leipsic ; but the others, who, following one another in rapid succession, led the Swedish armies during the remainder of the War, constitute a series of commanders who would probably range among the very foremost in the second rank. To their genius it was mainly owing, that, even after the French armies appeared on the scene, Sweden was not wholly obscured by her mightier ally, but continued

¹ For a complete list of these see Marryat's *One Year in Sweden*, vol. ii. pp. 461-501.

to the end to play so prominent a part in the contest, and had so potent a voice in the settlement of the peace. The first among these was Gustavus Horn, the likeliest in spirit among them all to his illustrious namesake. We may estimate his worth from the fact that, falling into the hands of the Imperialists at the disastrous battle of Nordlingen, he was counted by them the most precious trophy and result of a victory in which an entire Swedish army had been taken or destroyed. Horn was followed by Banér, who, save in military capacity and energy, lent little credit to the cause which he served. It was in his time that the Swedish armies so far degenerated in discipline, as to be little, if at all, superior in this point to the robber hordes which were arrayed against them. Him, perishing before long by women and by wine, Torstenson succeeded, the ablest among them all. A martyr to gout,—‘*der krumme Torstenson*,’ as he is called in a fine ballad which celebrates his great victory at Jankau,¹—and borne upon a litter, he yet

¹ The finest, so far as I know, which the War produced. It is full of the triumphant irony which comes so naturally to the conquerors; as when the poet assures the (Roman Catholic) vanquished that all the saints have become Swedish now. That it has the war-song’s genuine ring, three stanzas (the first, the sixth, and the seventh) will prove:—

‘Nun singet, nun springet mit fröhlichem Schalle,
Nun danket dem Herren, und preiset Ihn alle !
Er hat grosse Dinge gethan
Durch den theuren Dorstensohn.
Wo seid ihr Helden, wo seid ihr geblieben ?
Erwürgt, erschlagen, verwundet, vertrieben !
Habt ihrs Herz, setzet wider an,
Eur erwart der Dorstensohn.

performed almost incredible feats of rapid execution ; on one occasion marching of a sudden into Holstein, and there finishing off a Danish war as a mere episode of the more serious work he had on hand ; and altogether deserving well the war-name of 'Lightning' (Blixten), which his soldiers delighted to give him, lightening as he did from one end of Germany to the other. The last was Wrangel, whom the termination of the War scarcely left time to show what capacities were in him, but who did excellently well all that he had the opportunity of doing.

But, capable as these were, one more capable than they all led the little army which now landed at Usedom ; one who approved himself ere long as altogether the foremost captain of his time. Napoleon the First—and, except where personal pique marred his judgment, there could be no better judge—was wont to set Gustavus Adolphus among the eight greatest generals whom the world had seen ; placed him in the same rank with Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, in the ancient world ; with Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great, and himself, in the modern. Gustavus was great, not merely as employing to the best advantage all the military science which he inherited from others, but as

Ach ! nehmet die Flucht, Soldaten und Pfaffen,
Was ihr nur könnt zusammen rafften !
Was ihr anjetzt nicht bringet davon,
Das alles bekommt der Dorstensohn.'

This poem will be found at length in Opel and Cohn's very interesting volume, *Der Dreissigjährige Krieg*, pp. 347, 351.

being himself inventive, creative—setting his own mark on the whole art of war ; doing more than any other to bring about the complete transformation of it from the medieval system to the modern.

His fundamental idea, that which ran through and dictated all the changes which he made (it was, indeed, only common sense applied to the art of war), was this—to turn to account, and to make the most of, every man whom he brought into the field. This may seem obvious enough, but it was very far from being acted on by other commanders of the seventeenth century. Gustavus was the first who understood to the full the enormous changes which the invention of gunpowder, or rather the increasing efficiency of musquetry and artillery, demanded in the whole disposition of troops—saw that it was madness to group infantry any more in huge, solid, almost immovable masses, often thirty or forty deep. This might have been necessary once ; it might have been impossible to repel in any other way the heavy-armed knights of the Middle Ages ; but a new order of things had succeeded, and there was a double absurdity in such an arrangement now. Marshalled thus, only a few, only two or three of the foremost ranks, could deliver their fire ; all the rest were paralysed and useless ; while the shot of the enemy tore through, and made lanes of carnage in these huge unmanageable masses. The marshalling of troops in lighter, more open order, and, if not exactly in line, yet with many of the advantages of it, was his invention ; and this disposition of his troops gave him as much superiority over his adversaries as the agile Roman legion possessed over the unwieldy Macedonian phalanx ; not to say

that, economizing men as it did, it enabled him to have a second line in reserve, to be brought up when the critical moment arrived—a precaution which hardly seems to have entered into the heads of other famous captains of his age. So, too, before that time the only artillery brought into the open field consisted of what are called pieces of position; huge and heavy guns, slowly dragged along by twelve, sixteen, twenty, or twenty-four horses or oxen; which, once placed, could only remain where they were, and this, though the whole stress of the battle had shifted elsewhere. It was he who first introduced flying artillery, capable of being rapidly transferred from one part of the field to another, according to the changing needs of the fight. Of a piece with this, and embodying the same idea, was his taking away from the cavalry much of their heavier armour, their clumsy rest from the musqueteers.¹

In other ways Gustavus was well fitted to make a small army do the work of a large. He was a magnificent rewarder of acts of signal personal bravery. A lieutenant who was the first to scale the walls of Frankfort upon Oder received, besides promotion, a thousand rix-dollars; and this when the King's treasury was on the very verge of insolvency. So, too, there could be few malingerers in an army whose king and commander, in every toil and in every danger, claimed the first and often the largest share

¹ See Bulow, *Gustaf Adolf in Deutschland*, pp. 61 sqq., a history of the Swedish King's career from a purely military point of view. Droysen also (*Gustaf Adolf*, vol. ii. pp. 72-84, 401) gives a very full and interesting account of the improvements in *military organization and armament* introduced by Gustavus.

of that toil and that danger for himself. There were, indeed, curious contrasts in him. Singularly cautious in the management of a campaign, always careful to secure his base of operations, his lines of possible retreat, Gustavus was daring even to rashness in the exposure of his own person. At a siege he would in the same day be at once generalissimo ; chief engineer to lay out the lines ; pioneer, spade in hand and in his shirt, digging in the trenches ; and leader of a storming party to dislodge the foe from some annoying outwork. If a party of the enemy's cavalry was to be surprised in a night attack, he would himself undertake the surprise. He indeed carried all this quite too far, obeying overmuch the instincts and impulses of his own courageous heart. Thus it may very fairly be a question whether he had any right at Lützen to be there where his death overtook him, whether he was not playing the part of a common soldier, when he ought to have remembered what other and far higher duties were his to fulfil. And yet there was also a true humility in it all—a feeling that no man ought to look at himself as indispensable. ‘God is immortal,’ he was wont to reply, when remonstrated with on this matter, and reminded of the fearful chasm, not to be filled by any other, which his death would assuredly leave.

When we thus regard Gustavus as the ablest commander of his age, it becomes doubly interesting to note the striking resemblance between the plans which he adopted and the tactics which he pursued on his first landing in Germany, and those of our great Duke in the early period of his career in the Peninsula. There were many points of similarity in their

situations. Each was challenging to the conflict a foe to all appearance immeasurably stronger than himself—one who could bring armies four or five times larger into the field ; who, in fact, had such armies already on foot. Each was well aware that if the army which he brought with him were lost, it would be next to impossible to obtain another. Each had need to combine qualities seemingly the most opposite—the utmost prudence, patience, caution, with the extremest boldness and promptitude to strike a decisive blow when the opportunity for this arrived. And exactly as our Duke, after long tarrying by his ships or behind his triple lines, seized his hour, struck terribly to the left and to the right, the two gates of Spain, Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, yielding to his blows ; so too, after long months, during which Gustavus tarried in remote Pomerania, painfully winning for himself a secure ‘seat of war,’¹ besieging and taking one little town after another, till they called him in derision, The Snow King, such as could only endure in those colder regions, and would melt if ever he advanced southward—after more than a year of this hugging of the coasts of the Baltic, he too, when his hour was come, stepped forth the boldest of the bold, and showed himself as daring now as he had showed himself cautious before. I may add that his fortified camp at Werben, at the confluence of the Elbe and the Havel, to which when overmatched for a while he retired,

¹ A ‘seat of war,’ or *sedes belli*, in the sense in which these words were used in his time, which was different from that in which they are used now. ‘The seat of war’ was then not the actual theatre of hostilities, but what would now be called the base of military operations.

1.] *Gustavus Adolphus in Germany.* 41

suffering his adversaries to waste their strength before it, bore no little resemblance, in the spirit which dictated it, and the use to which it was turned, to the Duke of Wellington's lines at Torres Vedras.

We have brought Gustavus to Germany. Let us here pause for a little.

LECTURE II.

*GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IN GERMANY.**(Continued.)*

AT Vienna they were not altogether displeased that the King's landing in Germany, threatened so long, had now actually found place. 'So we have got another kingling on our hands !' the Emperor is said to have exclaimed when the tidings reached him. He too would presently be forced to retire, as each other champion of a lost cause had done before him, and then would follow large confiscations of the territories of such unlucky princes as had been rash enough to commit themselves to his side ; another Duchy of Mecklenburg, perhaps, or even one of the Protestant Electorates, Brandenburg or Saxony itself, to give away, with which to reward the devotion of some military chief. Others, with more insight, perceived the danger at once. Spinola, as early as the Battle of the White Mountain, had said that the King of Sweden was the one Protestant prince whom the victors must have a care not to bring upon their hands. And Wallenstein, though in his *Letters* he often speaks slightly enough of Gustavus and his projected invasion of Germany, yet evidently had long fixed his eye on him as a just object of fear. He has indeed

been accused, but on no sufficient grounds, of having suggested, or, at all events, listened to a scheme for his assassination. But, with his clear recognition of the danger, we need not assume that there were hard in hand any lively displeasure, or any displeasure at all, at the existence and urgency of the danger. Here, however, we must go back a little.

The moment of the King of Sweden's landing was, in one respect, most happily timed. The intolerable exactions, oppressions, and outrages of Wallenstein's armies, to which friends and foes were almost equally exposed, the revolutionary elements at work in the man, who saw his own greatness in the advancing to the furthest the greatness of the Emperor, had spread alarm through all the secondary Courts of Germany. Wallenstein may have talked often at random, and when he exclaimed, as he was reported to have exclaimed, 'What is the use of Electors?' men may have taken these *boutades* of his (so Ranke calls them) at more than they were worth; but he lay under a widespread suspicion of designing some sudden stroke, such as would render all the princes of the Empire, the Electors included, mere cyphers, and would transform the Empire itself into an Austrian military despotism. And thus, at the Diet of Ratisbon, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, Maximilian of Bavaria the loudest of all, they demanded in terms so menacing the dismissal of the obnoxious chief, and that his army should be in part disbanded, in part handed over to Tilly, to one namely who was far more at the devotion of the League than of the Emperor, that Ferdinand had no choice but either to break with them, or with the man to whom he

mainly owed his present triumphant position, and who could alone enable him to maintain it. He decided to dismiss Wallenstein. Never, as has been well said, was a more significant word than that which the Duke uttered as his sole comment on his dismissal: 'The *spiritus* of the Elector of Bavaria prevails over the *spiritus* of his Imperial Majesty.'¹

Nothing was wanting which might abate the indignity of this dismissal; but Wallenstein, deeply offended, withdrew to his magnificent palace at Prague, leaving the field open to Gustavus, and affording to him opportunities, which he certainly would not have enjoyed, if one prompt to strike, and knowing how and where to strike, had closed with him at once, and before he had found time and means to make strong his position in the land which he had invaded. This striker, at once swift and strong, Tilly certainly was not. Indeed, however he may have deserved his past reputation, he displayed nothing but weakness and indecision from the moment that he was matched with Gustavus, and felt, as no doubt instinctively he did feel, that he had to do with a far greater soldier than himself. Whether what Tilly was not, the Duke of Friedland would have been, it is impossible now to say; but there is much in his later operations to lead us to conclude that he would not have dallied with his foe as the other did.

But how fared it with those whom Gustavus arrived to help? Whatever thrill of secret joy may have pervaded the hearts of the oppressed Protestants at the tidings of the landing of the King—their Messiah, as

¹ Ward, *House of Austria*, p. 66.

they were taunted with regarding him—they ventured on no outward demonstrations of this joy. The city of Stralsund sent him its gratulations, but it was already occupied by a Swedish garrison; and the two dispossessed Dukes of Mecklenburg presented themselves at his camp, but they had already lost all, and thus perilled nothing by the step. Somewhat later, the younger sons and brothers of some of the smaller Protestant Houses attached themselves to him, and gallant little Hesse Cassel threw in its lot with him, and, among many faithless, remained faithful to the end. But for the present, those above named excepted, there was not one that peeped or muttered; no greetings, and certainly no help, reached him from any quarter; and thus, notwithstanding the smallness of his army, he was presently in the utmost straits how to feed, and still more how to pay it. This hesitation of theirs was not very heroic; but neither must it be judged too severely. So many deliverers, who had failed to deliver, had already appeared, only in the end to plunge those who rallied to them in a deeper abyss of ruin, that it is not very wonderful if all held back for a little to see whether and how far the King's matters would stand. Yet when we say they held back, this does but imperfectly express the actual facts of the case. The most influential of the Protestant princes, and those on whose help the King esteemed he had the best right to count, for a long while so bore themselves that it was quite impossible for him to know whether, not content with merely standing aloof and leaving him to fight alone the common battle of all, they might not positively turn against him, and range themselves among his enemies.

The two most powerful among these, and those whose alliance it most concerned him to secure, were his brother-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg (I need hardly remind you that the kingdom of Prussia did not come into existence till some seventy years later), and the Elector of Saxony, the latter a much greater person then in Germany than a king of Saxony is now, than whom there can scarcely be a smaller ; for Saxony has lost in power, extent, and influence, since the seventeenth century, almost as much as Prussia has gained. It was a time which called for heroes. Neither one nor other of these had the remotest claim to such a name. John George of Saxony was altogether without the energy, activity, and boldness of his great-uncle Maurice. What energy he had was mainly expended in pursuits of the chase. A mighty Nimrod, he had killed with his own hands, or seen killed under his eyes, 113,629 wild animals. Hard drinking was at that day in Germany so common as to be little noteworthy, but he so far exceeded as to have earned for himself the nickname of the Beer King, or, more contemptuous still, the Beer Jug.¹ Looking at himself as, by hereditary right, the champion of the Protestant cause, and yet too timorous to affront the dangers which that championship im-

¹ The Leipzig students sang, after the first battle under their walls, the following verses :—

‘ Non infans Christianus,
Non rex cerevisianus,
Suecus nos liberavit,
Qui hos tyrannos stravit.’

A French envoy describes him briefly as ‘ passionné, superbe, glorieux, brutal, grand ivrogne, mesfiant.’

posed—desirous, if he could, to form a middle party which should mediate between the Emperor and the Swedish King—he beheld with intense displeasure another stepping into the foremost place, and resolute to put all upon the hazard. When to this we add that this court-chaplain and principal adviser was long ago suspected, and now is known,¹ to have been sold to the Court of Vienna, it is plain to see that not very easily would any effectual help be obtained from him. As little was to be gotten from the King's own brother-in-law of Brandenburg. Those who have read will not easily forget Carlyle's account of him, and of his shuffling 'peace at any price' policy, through the whole of this War. 'Poor man !' exclaims Carlyle, 'it was his fate to stand in the range of these huge collisions, where the Titans were hurling rocks at one another, and he hoped by dexterous skipping to escape share of the game.'

But we owe justice even to these. It cannot, I think, be denied that from the moment that the occupant of the throne of the Cæsars took up an attitude of decided hostility to the Reformation, the position of the Protestant princes was often morally as well as politically an extremely perplexing one. As patriot princes they must have desired a strong Germany, strong in its visible head, with no foreigner presuming to interfere in its concerns ; while yet every accession of strength which they helped him to obtain was so much force which one day would, in all likelihood, nay, certainly, be used against themselves and the faith which they professed ; the foreigner proving in

¹ See in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie* the article, *Hoë von Hoenegg*.

the end the sole stay on whom they could lean, and to whom, however reluctantly, they must turn. Their loyalty to the ancient chief of the Empire, surviving still as a potent sentiment and tradition, was in direct contradiction with their loyalty to their religion. And thus they were ever drawn in different directions, proving untrue now to one, and now to the other ; double-minded and unstable in all their ways. Their fault was, and this fault they dearly abided, during their lives in the ravage and ruin of their States, and ever since in the mountains of scorn which have been heaped on their memories, that they failed to see clearly where was the paramount claim on their allegiance. For indeed what room was there here for hesitation ? If a strong Germany meant a Germany resolved into an Austro-Spanish despotism, handed over to the tender mercies of the Inquisition, a Jesuitland, then far better a Germany weak, divided, and in the politics of Europe counting for nothing. All this might be remedied in time ; her weakness might grow into strength, her divisions into unity ; she who was nothing now need not remain a cypher to the end ; but the other alternative, a servitude of body and spirit alike, was a moral and spiritual darkness, a covenant with death, without recovery, and without hope.

Provoked, angered, endangered as the King was by the hesitations of the Electors and other weaklings like them, he was evidently sometimes amused—and this amusement is very characteristic of the strong humour which was so marked a feature in him—at their feeble efforts to wriggle through a time like that,

taking no part on this side or on that in a conflict which should decide for them whether they were to be at all—thinking at the same time to keep terms with him and with the Emperor, or, as he regarded it, with God and with the devil. But with all Gustavus's humorous appreciation of their perplexities, there was no man less to be trifled with, no man who would less stand any nonsense. He was come to save them—with their will, if they would lend a helping hand ; against their will, if they refused. They, to say truth, were in about equal terror of their oppressor and their deliverer ; or perhaps in worse fear of the latter than the former. From the Emperor they hoped (it would have proved but a vain hope) to purchase safety for themselves by various concessions and compliances, by sacrificing every one else ; or at any rate they might entertain the expectation, as being the biggest morsels, that they would be swallowed the last ; but there was no escape from their terrible deliverer, who insisted on dragging them into the conflict, and that at any rate they should not perish without striking one manful blow for themselves.

There was published a few years ago, from the Royal Saxon archives, the confidential report of an Envoy, Herr von Willmerstorf, sent by the Elector of Brandenburg to the King, in July, 1630. Gustavus was then just beginning to make strong his position in the remote North ; and the mission of the Envoy was to persuade him, if possible, to refrain from advancing farther into the land, to suggest the jealousies which would be awakened even among the Protestants by the entrance into Germany of a foreign monarch at the head of a foreign army, and to urge

that he should at least consent to an armistice, the Elector offering himself as a mediator between him and the Emperor. This report is so characteristic of the King, gives so much insight into his manner of dealing with men, is indeed so authentic a piece of biography, that I must ask you to listen to a brief summary of it. The Envoy having reported the delivery of his message, proceeds:—‘Hereupon his Majesty, after he had most graciously heard me out—laughing, however, a little when I came to the proposal of an armistice—answered me at length, no one else being present:—“I have listened to the arguments by which my lord and brother-in-law would seek to dissuade me from the war, but could well have expected another communication from him—namely, that God having helped me so far, and come as I am into this land for no other end than to deliver its poor and oppressed Estates and people from the horrible tyranny of the thieves and robbers who have plagued it so long, above all, to free his Serenity from like tribulation, he would rather have joined himself with me, and thus not failed to seize the opportunity which God has wonderfully vouchsafed him. Or does not his Serenity yet know that the intention of the Emperor and of the League is this—not to cease till the Evangelical religion is quite rooted out of the Empire; and that he himself has nothing else to look forward to, than to be compelled either to deny his faith, or to forsake his land? Does he hope with prayers and entreaties, and suchlike means, to obtain any other result? For God’s sake, let him bethink himself a little, and at once grasp manly counsels. For myself, I cannot go back. *Jacta est alea, transivimus*

Rubiconem. I seek in this work not mine own things, no gain at all, except the safety of my kingdom ; else have I nothing from it but expense, weariness, toil, and danger of life and limb. Now is your master's happiest opportunity, while his land is free from the Imperial soldiery, that he himself garrison and arm his fortresses, and be thus no longer a mere deputy of the Emperor, yea, a servant in his own land. *Qui se fait brebis, le loup le mange.* Or if he will not do this, let him trust me only with Cüstrin, which I may hold ; and remain you in your sloth, which your master so much loves. What else do you propose ? For this I say to you plainly beforehand, I will hear and know nothing of neutrality. His Serenity must be friend or foe. When I come to his borders, he must declare himself hot or cold. The battle is one between God and the devil. Will his Serenity hold with God, let him stand on my side ; if he prefer to hold with the devil, then he must fight with me. *Tertium non dabitur* ; of this be sure. And I beseech you, take this commission upon you, to carry my answer exactly back to his Serenity ; for I have no people by me whom I can spare to send. I am not indisposed to peace. I know that the fortune of war is uncertain, having abundantly proved it in the many wars which, with various issues, I have waged. But that now, when by God's grace I am advanced so far, I should again withdraw, that can no man advise me, not the Emperor himself, when he will use his reason. That your master should mediate, I can very well suffer ; but he must at the same time put himself in a posture of defence and arm, else all his mediating will help nothing. Several of the Hanse Towns are ready

to join me. I only wait till a Prince of the Empire comes forward. What might not the two Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, together with those cities, accomplish? Would God that a Maurice were here!"

'I replied that I had no authority to treat on such matters; but for my humble self doubted how far my master could join arms with the King, having due regard to his honour and good faith. He interrupted me outright—"Yes, they will soon put the honour upon you of turning you out of home and land. They will keep faith with you as they have so long kept the Capitulations."

'I.—"One must keep the future before one's eyes, and consider, if fortune should be unfavourable, how all would go to wrack."

'King.—"That is what will happen, if you sit still; and would have happened before this if I had not stepped in. His Serenity should do as I do, and leave the issue to God."

'I.—"Your Majesty cannot take it ill that my master prefers to follow after peace and to counsel others thereto; above all, when so much at this moment invites it; as, first, the general desire for a pacification, and, secondly, the Diet now holding at Ratisbon. If only my master might lay before the Diet how, in your Majesty's judgment, peace could be attained, much good might be effected; and thus, too, that might be averted, which else may happen, that your Majesty should be put under ban, and proclaimed *pro hoste communi* of the Empire."

'King.—"Yes; they will put me under ban, me who am come, not as an enemy, but as a friend,—to

put down and drive away the robbers and destroyers of the Empire ; not to change aught therein, but to preserve. If they are mad enough not to own this, and proclaim me for an enemy, the ban may light upon themselves as soon as upon me. This work which I have begun can very well go forward for fifty years, and God will raise up for it others from our ashes.’

‘I.—“But anyhow the land and people will be ruined. Better that your Majesty should impart to him in confidence your conditions of peace.”

‘King.—“But what security, what pledge shall I have for their observance? Paper and ink?”

‘I.—“Your Majesty shall have such bonds as bind men. What is duly resolved in the Diet, that will be held fast.”

‘King.—“No, that is nothing. Something real in hand may give security ; nothing else. *Manus meæ oculatæ sunt ; credunt quod vident.* Let them restore the banished princes and make me their Protector, to hold their fortresses ; else they will stand to nothing, and are not to be trusted.”

‘I.—“While your Majesty is content that his Serenity should mediate, so must at least neutrality be allowed him.”

‘King.—“Yes, till I come into your country. All that is mere trumpery, which the wind scatters away. What sort of thing is neutrality? I do not understand it.”

‘He presently reverted to the Duke of Pomerania, said that the worthy Prince was perfectly satisfied with him, had entreated that he would be his father. “But I,” said his Majesty, “told him I had rather

be his son, seeing he had no children." Hereupon I replied, "Yes, your Majesty, that may very well be, if only my master may keep the right of primogeniture."

'King.—"Yes, he shall keep it; but he must help to defend it, and not barter it, like Esau, for a mess of pottage."

This last little passage between the King and the Envoy must be explained by the fact, that the Elector laid claim to succeed to the childless Duke's dominions, but was in great terror lest the King of Sweden should step between, and inherit in his stead. The issue some eighteen years later showed that this apprehension was not altogether a groundless one.

I cannot but think that the agent who has made so excellent a report of this most characteristic discourse, has done it with an evident sympathy for the King; and though, as an honest man, doing his very best for his employer, not inwardly at all displeased when the chaff which he was despatched to offer for grain was winnowed away with so unceremonious a breath. I will only add that the King was as good as his word, when he declared his inability to understand what neutrality at such a crisis meant: and thus, when negotiations with his vacillating brother-in-law drew out into length, he put an end to all shilly-shally, by advancing his army, with loaded cannon and matches burning, to the gates of Berlin. The treaty of alliance was quickly signed, but not before the arrival of a frightful catastrophe. I refer to that sack of Magdeburg, which is still as a cry going up to heaven, a horror not forgotten among all the horrors in the world's history which have succeeded it.

The ill-fated city, proud of its old renown, having withstood Charles the Fifth in the fulness of his power, having earlier in the present War driven off a besieging army of Wallenstein, had again raised the standard of resistance, and thrown in its lot with the King. This it had imprudently done long before he was in a position to relieve it, beset by hostile armies as at once it was. The situation of the besieged city grew ever more critical ; but without a fortress or fortresses to secure his retreat in the event of a disaster or the pressure upon him of overwhelming numbers, he dared not advance so far, with his little army, into the heart of the land. At length he wrung from his brother-in-law a reluctant consent to place Cüstrin, commanding the passage of the Oder, and Spandau at his disposition, only for this one operation. But it was too late. As he was preparing his advance, the tidings reached him that Magdeburg had fallen (May 10, 1631). The utter perishing of this famous city by fire and by sword created an impression throughout all Germany such as no other event since the beginning of the War, not even the Battle of the White Mountain, had done ; and, though it cannot be doubted that the Protestant cause was a gainer by it in the end, it threatened at the first to prove altogether fatal to the King's reputation. All that confidence which he slowly and painfully had won by the successes of a year seemed shattered in an instant. Here was a helper who could not help, a saviour who could not save ; who, after having encouraged by his promises the too credulous city to resist to the last, was content to stand by and suffer it to perish, without making one bold venture for its relief. So men

said. Nay, there were some who said further, and a certain Onno Klopp, in a *Life of Tilly*, says still, that the King wished and intended that Magdeburg should perish, counting that he could so make his own game better than by coming to its aid. Let the base suspect in others the baseness which they trace in their own selves ! The King would have risked all, advanced at all hazards, had he supposed the city's means of resistance were exhausted ; and this, indeed, they were not ; for Magdeburg, though very hard pressed, was taken at last by a surprise, little creditable to its defenders, and not by any utter exhaustion of its means of defence.¹

It was this catastrophe which brought matters to a crisis. Gustavus advanced to Berlin, as I have said, with banners spread, cannon loaded, and matches burning. His brother-in-law might make his choice, and have him for friend or foe ; but there was no more halting for him between these two courses. What could the poor man do ? The King, as he piteously pleaded all round, had cannon, and so there was no choice but to join him, which he did June 9, 1631, a year or very nearly so after the King's arrival in Germany ; but did not fail at the

¹ Some scornful lines celebrate the fall of ' the City of the Maid,' which had repelled the masters, first Charles, and afterwards Ferdinand, but now had yielded to the servant :—

' Vor Jahren hat die alte Magd
Dem Kaiser einen Tanz versagt,
Jetzt tanzt sie mit dem alten Knecht :
So geschieht dem stolzen Mädchen recht.
Es war nie keine Nuss so hart,
Die endlich nicht aufbissen ward.'

same time to expedite a letter to Vienna, in which he made due excuses for what he had done; to which nothing, he declared, but the absolute abandonment in which he had been left compelled him. It was not long before the intolerable outrages of the Imperial troops obliged the Elector of Saxony also to throw himself into the arms of the Swedish King, and to make common cause with him; though he too with less than half a heart, and with many a secret resolution of deserting the common cause at the first favourable opportunity. It is impossible to say how different the course of the War might have been, how far it might have been shortened, had these two remained faithful to this alliance to the end. But John George of Saxony, entering into it reluctantly, hardly enduring the leadership of Gustavus, could not after his death endure at all the leadership of any other. The battle of Nordlingen, three years after that death, brought the Protestant cause for the moment to the very brink of ruin. All who were only half-hearted in that cause forsook it, the Elector leading the way, his brother Elector of Brandenburg soon following; these with others by the Treaty of Prague (1635)—‘bit of chaos clouted up and done over with official varnish,’ as Carlyle calls it—patching up a private and ignominious peace of their own, which settled and could settle nothing; but which rather bequeathed to Germany thirteen years more of desolation and woe.

You may see in the British Museum a collection of the broadsheets, placards, ballads, caricatures, portraits of illustrious or popular persons, the heroes of the day, which appeared during the course of the Thirty Years’ War. There is a print among these

which is calculated to stir a smile, and thoughts deeper than a smile. Of date 1631, it was evidently published in the first joy of these alliances which promised so well to the Protestant cause. This print represents Gustavus and this pusillanimous Saxon Elector, side by side, like twin heroes, each of them waving his truncheon, and prancing on his war-horse, and one making just as gallant a show as the other. It may stir some thoughts to consider that this print did, no doubt, accurately set forth the estimate of them which, at that moment, by many was formed; knowing as we know now, what weakness, faintheartedness, unfaithfulness to a great cause, lay under all this outside bravery in the one, what courage, magnanimity, and fidelity even unto the death in the other.

For the present, however, John George united his army to that of the King. One of those gallant Scots of whom I have already spoken, Colonel Robert Monro—himself a Dugald Dalgetty in his way, but of the nobler type—in a record which he has left us of his share in these campaigns, very vividly describes the junction of the two armies, the Saxon and the Swedish, and the remarkable contrast in outward appearance which they presented; ‘the Saxon, which for the pleasing of the eye was the most complete little army, well armed and well arrayed, that ever mine eye did look on, whose officers did all look as if they were going in their best apparel and arms to be painted, where nothing was defective the eye could behold. Our army having lain overnight on a parcel of ploughed ground, they were so dusty, they looked just like kitchen wenches with their uncleanly rags, *but within which were hidden courageous hearts,*

being old experimented blades. Yet these Saxon gentry, in their feathers and bravery, did judge of us and ours according to our outsides, thinking but little of us ; nevertheless, we thought not the worse of ourselves.' The chief part of this Saxon army, which made so brave an appearance, fled, as is well known, early in the day, from the field of Leipsic, the Elector among the foremost of the fugitives, leaving all the brunt of the battle to be borne by the Swedes. But I must not anticipate.

Thus joined, though tardily and with no very hearty good will, by the princes whose battles he was fighting even more than his own, Gustavus was at length able to measure himself in not unequal arms with the forces of the Empire and of the Catholic League. He did not wait long to do this. Advancing boldly into the heart of Germany, on the vast plains of Leipsic, on the Breitenfeld, which was once again during the course of the War to see the triumph of the Swedish arms (Nov. 2, 1642), he defeated Tilly, the victor of more than twenty battle-fields ; and did not defeat only, but so shattered, scattered, ground his army into dust, that for a while all Germany lay open to him to march whithersoever he would.¹

Gustavus has been severely blamed, and we must

¹ It is interesting to read in Thiers' *History of the Empire* that, nearly two centuries after, the Swedish army which took part in another Battle of Leipsic (Oct. 18, 1813)—a battle on a larger scale than either of these, though scarcely of a greater significance, or more truly than this, one of the decisive battles of the world—was kindled to a loftier enthusiasm by the recollection of what their forefathers had done valiantly on that same field two hundred years before.

include Richelieu among those who esteem him to have been in fault,¹ that he did not at once advance to Vienna, and there end the war, imposing his own terms upon the Emperor. There have not wanted those who have insinuated that he refrained from so doing, as not counting that it would be for his own glory, or for the furtherance of those far-reaching schemes which he meditated, to bring the struggle so speedily to a close. His whole life is an answer to this charge. That he was ambitious, that vague and vast possibilities for himself did float before his eyes, this I am free to own; but these ever in subordination to loftier aims; while the attainment of them, as I believe, was chiefly valuable to him as giving pledge for the permanence of the work which he was doing. Neither is there the slightest reason for supposing that such an advance would have been attended with such results, any more than that Rome would have fallen if Hannibal had followed up his victory at Cannæ by an immediate advance upon it. Vienna would not have opened its gates at his summons; he certainly was in no condition to besiege and take it. He would after a while have retired from its walls with wasted and baffled forces, as Torstenson at a later period of the War, and after another great battle won, actually did, with precious time lost, and having missed all those fruits of his triumph which were actually within his reach.

It indeed poured a rich harvest into his lap, a harvest at once richer and more prompt than he had ventured at the first to hope. Borne on the wings of victory, *cum Deo et victricibus armis*—for that was the

¹ *Mémoires*, vol. vii. p. 265.

characteristic legend on his medals at this time struck—he marched towards Franconia and the Rhine, leaving a comparatively easy task, the occupation of Bohemia, to his untrustworthy ally of Saxony. There was no serious, or at all events no successful, resistance anywhere along the ‘Pfaffengasse,’ or ‘Parsons’ Lane;’ for so Gustavus was wont to call the succession of rich ecclesiastical benefices which lay along the line of his march. Erfurt yielded itself; Wurzburg did the same; its citadel, reputed impregnable, and therefore filled with treasures of every kind brought thither for security, being taken by storm. Frankfort declared its readiness to make common cause with the King. The Spaniards crossed his path at Oppenheim on the Rhine—a strange encounter of the furthest South and the furthest North—and would have barred his passage. He was not at war with Spain, and had no wish to be; but there was no choice save to brush these opposers violently from his path. Mayence, his objective point, after a feeble resistance, yielded itself with the rest. In all these regions there was an end, at least for a time, to the Counter-Reformation, the Jesuit Propaganda; those who had been the foremost in setting this forward, the Elector of Mayence included, flying at the mere rumour of the King’s approach; while others, not so deeply compromised, tarried, hoping to be allowed the toleration which they were so active in denying to others, but which Gustavus never refused to those who were content to remain quiet in the land.

But while of these some fled or concealed themselves, and some trusted to the magnanimity of the conqueror, there were others who lifted up their heads,

for their redemption had drawn nigh. Everywhere the King on his route was hailed by the downtrodden Protestants of Germany, to whom he brought back good things which seemed for ever to have gone from them, whose worship he re-established, whose churches he restored to them, as their saviour and deliverer. How enthusiastic this welcome must have been we can a little understand, if we keep in mind the halo of glory which at this time encircled his brows, the enormous boons which, at extreme hazard to his person and to his kingdom, he had conferred upon them. The very excess and extravagance of their gratitude would sometimes make him tremble, so that, but at a later day than this, only a few days before his death, he said to his chaplain, 'They make a god of me ; God will punish me for this.'¹

¹ Certainly there was nothing in the outward forms which this gratitude assumed, that need have made any man proud, if it was often embodied in verses no better than the following, with which he was greeted at Nordlingen ;—

' Post Jesum Christum sit nobis Josua Suecus,
Grati ut possimus sic celebrare Deum.'

But they were not always so bad ; on a half-length portrait of the King, graven on copper, Paul Flemming composed the following admirable epigram :—

' Schau diesen König an, doch nur in halbem Bilde,
Der, Deutscher, gegen dich mit Hülfe ist so milde.
Ihn hat der schmale Raum nur halb hier vorgestellt ;
Willst du Ihn sehen ganz, so schaue durch die Welt.'

It was common to find in various passages of Scripture distinct prophecies of him. The following, Cant. iv. 16 ; Isai. xiv. 31 ; Jer. iv. 6–9, were among those of most frequent application.

With the occupation of Mayence, the ancient ecclesiastical metropolis of Germany, and foremost in rank and dignity among the Electorates (Dec. 12, 1631), Gustavus brought a long series of splendid achievements to a close. There was much of glorious to fill up the brief period of his life which remained; but a series of successes like those of which Leipsic was the first, and this the last, unchequered as they were by a single disaster, this, as he had not before seen, so he was not destined to see again. At Mayence he kept his court during several weeks of the winter of 1631-2. The New Year's Day which he celebrated there was indeed a day of quite another fashion from that which he kept a year before in Barmen, a poor provincial town beyond the Oder. It was a time of high feasting, his queen, Eleonora, having joined him from Sweden; a time no less of active diplomacy, his great Chancellor being again at his side.¹ The Princes of Protestant

¹ As might be expected, Balde, the Jesuit poet, treats the court which Gustavus kept at Mayence from another point of view (*Sylv.* iv. 4, *Thren.* 4):—

‘ In elegantis sede palatii
 Plaudit choreas, ac spoliis cubat
 Adolphus exsultans opimis,
 Dum placidum simulat tyrannum ;
 Armenta qualis Marmaricus leo
 Depastus, alto torpet in otio ;
 Caudamque subjectans quiescit ;
 Mox vacuis ferit arva malis.
 Quantum sagacis nequitiae coquit
 Rex, fronte solers fingere Punicâ
 Clementis astum ! non Libyssa
 Asperitis furit icta serpens.’

Germany and the Envoys of the Free Cities thronged around him, much after the fashion, though in a nobler mood than, the vassal royalties of Germany round Napoleon at Erfurt in 1808. These Free Cities, Ulm and Augsburg and Nuremberg were the chief among them, he gave especial diligence to attach to his cause, as he more and more felt the untrustworthiness of the Protestant Princes, and understood that on the loyal and hearty adhesion of these cities he must in the future mainly rely.¹

The oath of fidelity to himself which he demanded from some of these cities has been often interpreted as pointing to ulterior designs by him cherished, to territorial acquisitions in the South of Germany which he hoped to make for himself. I am persuaded that this demand of his can receive another interpretation, and that all which he intended was to put under the sanction of an oath their engagement of fidelity to him so long as the present struggle endured. A *Corpus Evangelicorum* which should have freely chosen him as its Head and Protector he doubtless would willingly have seen formed; but he was too far-seeing a politician to imagine that Sweden could in the long run retain territories so remote. No doubt at a very early period he was resolved that Pomerania, which he could hope to hold, and which would give to Sweden that dominion of the Baltic Sea, by him esteemed as the very condition of its existence, should

¹ See for this period of the life of Gustavus, Soden, *Gustav Adolf und sein Heer in Süddeutschland*. The Swedes, he tells us (vol. ii. p. 580), introduced the custom of smoking into Germany. They certainly found apt scholars—such, if I mistake not, as have left their teachers behind.

be the reward of the sacrifices which Sweden made. A premature death removed him from the scene ; but those who came after him, above all Oxenstiern, who knew the inmost thought of his master, inherited his policy, and, as we shall see, carried it in this matter to a successful end.

And yet, though all showed so fairly, the position of Gustavus was at this moment rather brilliant than solid and secure. Difficulties and dangers were round him and before him ; such, indeed, as he might fairly hope to surmount ; such as he had in part surmounted at the time of his taking away ; but still such as must have filled one who was quite as much a statesman as a soldier with a very deep anxiety. His success had in some respects been too sudden and too great. France looked with a jealous eye on the grand and independent position which he had made for himself. Richelieu, who had done so much to prompt and urge on the King to his German expedition, who had assisted him with subsidies, had in all likelihood quite underrated him, intending no more than to draw his own chestnuts by the King's hand from the fire. A powerful diversion on the shores of the North Sea or the Baltic, such as should leave to France a freer hand to carry out her designs in North Italy, this would have been very much to Richelieu's mind ; nor would he have grudged if after Leipsic the King had advanced into the Hereditary Dominions, and had inflicted any amount of humiliations on the House of Hapsburg there. But Gustavus in Franconia, on the Rhine and beyond the Rhine, keeping high state in 'the Golden City,' master in those border lands where France had hitherto claimed the exclusive

privilege to dominate and play rex, Gustavus resolute to treat with France on terms of perfect equality, and showing that he cared little or nothing for her displeasure, that she might withhold her subsidies if she liked, might quarrel with him if she was so resolved, this was quite another matter, was a very unwelcome phenomenon indeed. Like the husband-man in the fable, France had asked a shower and had gotten a deluge. The words ascribed to Louis the Thirteenth, 'This Goth must be stopt,' show with what an eye askant the successes of the Swedish King were regarded by his chief ally, by those who professed to be pleased with them the most.

Then, too, there were other of his allies on whom he must have felt that he could place no sure reliance, and least of all on one whose fidelity was all-important to him. The Elector of Saxony, who could ill endure the subordinate position to which he was reduced, was already showing plainly that he had no heart for the War, was carrying on in a manner the most languid his allotted share in it. His chief general was treating almost openly with Wallenstein for a separate peace; nor could the Elector be brought to give the only disavowal worth anything of his own complicity with these negotiations, namely, the removing of Arnim from his command.

Nor did danger threaten him in these quarters only; but in others too, from which he might have hardly expected this. The United Provinces had never looked with a very gratified eye on the extension of Swedish influence and power. They had an earnest contention with him about certain tolls levied by him at Dantsic; and elated by their recent triumph

at Maestricht, and confidently looking forward to a speedy arrangement with Spain, though in this they were mistaken, seemed prepared at any moment to assume an attitude of decided unfriendliness. Then too from Stockholm the King received constant reports of the zeal with which Denmark was arming, which could only be against him ; and he felt that on the first reverse which attended his arms he might have this enemy at his very gate upon his hands.

His natural ally for the warding off of the dangers which from these latter quarters threatened him would have been England. But his relations with the English Court were strained, were tending much rather to a breach than to a closer alliance. Not to speak of other discontents, England was extremely dissatisfied that now, when he had the power, he was not more prompt to restore the Elector Palatine, Charles the First's brother-in-law, to his lost dominions. Henry Vane, the English Envoy, was constantly pursuing and pestering him that he should not leave this any longer undone ; while Gustavus not unnaturally paused before putting an incapable like Frederic into a position in which his incapacity might effect so much harm, so long as the great conflict was still undecided.

And while those who should have been friends were thus dubious or worse, foes about whom there could be no doubt were gathering unexpected strength. Long negotiations, carried on mainly by the intervention of France for the detaching of Bavaria from the Emperor's side, came to nothing. And this was not the worst. Wallenstein, who had been lured back to the Imperial service, was displaying that admirable

talent of organization which none can deny him, whatever other praise they may withhold. Men had thought after the wreck and ruin of the Breitenfeld that it was impossible to assemble in Germany another army, capable of holding its own against the army of Gustavus. Wallenstein was making proof that this was not absolutely so, that there was one to whom this was still possible. His standard once raised, it was evident that his name was still a spell of power. Old companions in arms flocked to his banner, and many more besides these, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike; soldierly merit and not Confession being the one title to his favour; for, unlike Tilly, who was a devout Roman Catholic, Wallenstein only affected as much respect for the Roman Catholic religion as his position rendered indispensable, while for priest and Jesuit he did not care to affect any at all; indeed whatever a priest possessed was, in his view, so much taken from a soldier. With this army thus new-created, summoned as by a stamp of his foot from the ground, he was thrusting back the Saxons, these feebly resisting, or not resisting at all, out of Bohemia, and in this slighter warfare was moulding and fashioning the army that should yet dispute with Gustavus the supremacy in Germany.

It is easy to rate Wallenstein too low, both as a soldier and a statesman. As a statesman, it is true, he must always remain to us a riddle. There is no print on the heel of his foot by which we can hope now successfully to track him in all the dark and tortuous paths which he trod. This much however we may say with confidence, that the ideal Wallenstein of Schiller *is scarcely* farther from the actual truth of things than

the raw head and bloody bones which is sometimes presented, which Michelet is not ashamed to present to us, as the *vera effigies* of the great Bohemian adventurer. I am not, however, concerned with him here save as the antagonist of Gustavus.

When, indeed, we claim for him credit as a soldier, it is easy to retort that he only fought one pitched battle, and that he lost.¹ This is quite true ; but

¹ This is brought out in the very telling epitaph which the *Theatrum Europæum*, vol. iii. p. 185, has preserved for us :—

‘ Hie liegt und fault mit Haut und Bein
 Der grosse Kriegsfürst Wallenstein :
 Der gross’ Kriegsmacht zusammen bracht,
 Doch nie gelieffert recht ein Schlacht.
 Gross Gut thet er gar vielen schenken,
 Dargeg’n auch viel unschuldig hencken.
 Durch Sterngucken und lang Tractiren
 Thet er viel Land und Leuth verliehren.
 Gar zahrt war ihm sein Böhmisch Hirn,
 Kont nicht leiden der Spornen Klirrn ;
 Han, Hennen, Hund er bannisirt
 Aller Orten wo er losirt ;
 Doch musst er gehn des Todtes Strassen,
 D’ Han krähn und d’ Hund bellen lassen.’

The last two lines have reference to the artificial quiet which he demanded should be kept around him, and this even in the midst of the camp. It is curious that these lines have not found their way into Opel and Cohn’s collection, in which, p. 346, room has been found for another epitaph, not without point, though certainly inferior to this. It begins :—

‘ Hie liegt der Wall’nstein ohne Fried,
 Des Reichs ein Fürst, und doch kein Glied.’

Carve in his *Itinerarium* mentions that there were epitaphs written upon him in Spanish, Italian, French, and Latin. Of the latter he has adduced several, some complimentary, but not all, as for instance not this :—

military critics ascribe to him no contemptible skill in the art of war ; and certainly his defeat at Lützen, after that stubborn conflict which had lasted from morn to night, drawing off too as he did the greater part of his army, was something very different from the utter ruin which overtook the army of Tilly at Leipsic. Apart from this, several of his actions, as the capture of Wolgast, were conceived and executed with promptitude and boldness, blows struck at the right time and in the right place. In his fortified camp before Nuremberg, from which no taunt nor stratagem could draw him, he was the author of the one serious check which the arms of Gustavus experienced in Germany ; while his whole movement in the rear of the King, whereby he compelled him to abandon his hold on Southern Germany, and retrace his steps to the North, whether contemplated in a military or a political aspect, is equally worthy of admiration.

There is nothing covered which shall not be revealed, and there can be now no manner of doubt

‘ Intravit ut vulpes, Belliger ut lepus,
Superbiit ut pavo, Gratus ut cuculus,
Vixit ut tigris, Mortuus ut canis,
Proditor Judas.’

In a volume published at Upsala in 1631, that is, immediately after the failure of his schemes for converting the Baltic into an Austrian lake, these lines are inscribed under a portrait of the ‘Admiral without ships’ :—

‘ Dum superat tygrim vulpemque lupumque magistros
Bestia Waldsteinus, sanguine, dente, dolo ;
Respuat hoc monstrum tellus, sed suscipit unda ;
Egregius rapidis fitque natator aquis.’

that Wallenstein put himself in secret communication with the King very soon after the latter landed in Germany ; that negotiations, shrouded in the deepest mystery, undreamt of at Dresden, at Munich, at Vienna, were carried on for some months between the two. A full statement of all this was put forth in 1635, very soon after Wallenstein's death, by a Bohemian refugee, wherein he claimed to have been the go-between in these negotiations, which he details at length ; the chief persons engaged having been on the King's side, Matthias Thurn, also a Bohemian refugee, and Count Trzka, Wallenstein's brother-in-law, on the other. It has been the custom to denounce and disregard these revelations as being from end to end a tissue of impudent falsehoods ; Förster, in his *Life of Wallenstein*, has so done ; but those best capable of judging¹ affirm that all later researches, and all which the archives of that time have more recently given up, leave no doubt whatever that this statement contains an accurate report of what actually passed.

These negotiations, which lasted long after the battle of Leipsic, came to an abrupt end under the refusal of the King to trust Wallenstein so far as it was necessary to trust him, if they were to bear any fruit at the last. What Wallenstein required was that Gustavus should place at his disposal twelve thousand men and twelve pieces of artillery, and that he, declared by the King Viceroy of Bohemia, should with these troops and such others as his own name might gather to his standard, carry the war into the Hereditary Dominions. At the last moment the King hesitated.

¹ Thus see Ranke, *Geschichte Wallensteins*, p. 221, with whom Droysen and Hurter agree.

He was willing to hazard a small body of troops, but not an army, on the faith of one who could only prove true to him, as he proved a traitor to his proper sovereign, and who, when the decisive moment arrived, might very probably select him as the fitter subject of his treachery. Hereupon the Duke of Friedland drew back in displeasure, took up at once the threads of another intrigue, and listened now to the proposals from Vienna to resume the command of the Imperial armies, which proposals he had dallied with, and more than once declined, so long as he had other irons in the fire.¹

It will be seen from this rapid sketch of the true condition of affairs in the winter of 1631-2, that all was not so fair for the victorious King as it looked ; that when in the early spring he quitted Mayence (March 5, 1632), this was not merely to gather up and

¹ Balde, the Jesuit poet, in some vigorous alcaics (*Lyr.* iv. 1), congratulates Maximilian of Bavaria that from the beginning he had discerned the treachery of Wallenstein. He has spoken in the lines preceding of Gustavus, and proceeds :—

‘ At Cacus Egræ, bellua sævior,
Toto momordit pectore lanceam
Porrectus, immanique justas
Cæde ruens satiavit iras.
Cujus latenti præscius ariete
Olim monebas imperium quati,
Fraudes odoratus coquentis
Dira, supercillique nidum,
Sub quo tepebat molliter abditum
Implume crimen, donec in aëra
Surrexit ales, et tremendum
Rupit atrox Basiliscus ovum.’

garner the fruits of victory, but as having still to reap those fruits on bloody harvest-fields of death. To him eight months of glorious life were all which now remained. I make no attempt to enumerate the many memorable deeds with which he filled this time ; only I will say, as giving a key to his movements hither and thither in this his last campaign, that there were three principal purposes which he aimed to accomplish, and not one of which he could with safety leave unattained ; but these such as tasked even his genius, and strained the forces at his command to the uttermost, and this though these forces were four or five times more numerous now than the little army with which he landed at Usedom.

He desired in the first place not to lose or to relax, but rather to extend and strengthen, his hold on South Germany, which was mostly Roman Catholic, and would become actively hostile the moment that the pressure on it was withdrawn. This will explain his invasion of Bavaria, and that which is accounted by competent judges the most notable military exploit of his life, namely, the crossing of the Lech in the face of a hostile army ; Tilly, who sought to bar his way, being mortally wounded in this attempt, with the triumphant occupation of Munich which followed.

But there was another task which lay near to him, and to which he was obliged to subordinate the further prosecution of these conquests, namely, the protection of the Free Cities of the South, which had thrown in their lot with him. The chief of these were Augsburg, 'the Protestant Mecca,' as the Roman Catholics styled it, into which he made an ever-memorable entry amid the jubilees of a population

which little guessed of the straitness of that terrible siege which ere long they should endure ; and Nuremberg, the city of the largest wealth and the highest public spirit in all South Germany. No sooner did Wallenstein threaten the latter than the King, abandoning all other plans, hastened at once to its rescue : for there must be no second Magdeburg ; the perishing of one noble city which had put its trust in him was enough. It was in the desperate assault of an entrenched camp which Wallenstein had planted in the immediate neighbourhood of this city that Gustavus endured a bloody repulse—one which made plain to all the world that however his star might still be in the ascendant, he had not the issues of the War so completely in his hands as a few months previously might have been supposed.

And this was not all. There lay a third necessity upon him—this too imperative, although only with extreme difficulty reconcilable with the other two. Whether John George of Saxony meant fairly or falsely, it was absolutely necessary that he should not have the plea for deserting the common cause that the King had deserted him, left his territories exposed to the worst ravages of war, while he was pushing conquests for himself in the distant South. Saxony must, if possible, be kept true to its engagements, and had a right to demand protection in return. It concerned, too, Gustavus himself most nearly that his communications with Pomerania, with the sea, with Sweden, should not be endangered. This was a matter on which he was always extremely sensitive ; and thus when Wallenstein, breaking up from before Nuremberg, marched rapidly northward, took Leipsic,

and, with the view of compelling the Elector to join him, began to burn, harry, and destroy after the old fashion, Gustavus followed him at once, overtook him at Lützen, believed that he had overtaken him with his forces scattered and divided, as in part was the fact ; and there, in the second and last pitched battle which he fought in Germany, crowned a hero's life with a hero's death.

Before we enter somewhat more in detail on the closing scene, I would fain set before you the man as he presented himself to those who were brought into personal intercourse with him. It is evident from the consenting voices of all, of friends and foes alike, that he possessed in an eminent degree all the arts of popularity—gracious and eloquent speech, a condescension at once natural and studied, and, with those ambitious hopes for the future which played before him, the desire as well as the power to win golden opinions from all sorts of men. His enemies themselves could not altogether resist the magic of his presence. Thus at Munich, which he entered as a conqueror, he visited the Jesuits' College, debated in Latin the doctrine of transubstantiation with one of the fathers, who did to him the honours of the establishment ; and left them so well satisfied, that after his death they declared he was a particular admirer of their Society. This was certainly a mistake. He always ascribed the main guilt of this hideous civil war to their intrigues. It was in his sight, and he was wont to call it, The Jesuits' War.

In all this he was the strongest possible contrast to Wallenstein. The Duke of Friedland, not without a

certain fantastic greatness of his own, and ever anxious to deepen men's impression of this greatness, excessive in his punishments, excessive in his rewards, surrounded with an incredible number and pomp of retainers, was himself reserved, mysterious, would fain induce a belief that there was something about him unlike to other men ; that he could read the stars, that he held strange communications with the invisible world. The King, on the contrary, took no care of his dignity. He knew that this was in no danger ; that it could abundantly take care of itself ; that one, having the realities of greatness, could safely dispense with the shows. Affable, a man of the people, accessible to all, the genial Monarch was ever ready to exchange speech with friend or foe ; had still, as the occasion required, an earnest word, or a merry jest, or a quick retort for all comers, with never any misgiving but that everywhere he could hold his own ; that in the keenest dialectic fence he would as certainly prove master of the situation as in the lists of arms and the stormiest battle field.

As I would fain set Gustavus before you, not in his lights only, but in his lights and shadows alike, I must not leave unnoticed a fault which he had—namely, that he was sometimes excessive in anger, or angry on inadequate cause. I find no fault with him that he could be angry ; nay, he who cannot be angry, and who is not angry, at meanness, or falsehood, or injustice, or cruelty, is worth very little, and is wanting in one of the nobler passions of the soul. For instance, that he could be angry with one who turned the noble, yet dreadful, mission of a soldier into the trade of a *brigand*—that he could and did seize, and give over

with his own hands to the short shrift of the provost-marshal, the plunderer and the marauder, with words like these, 'It is better for thee, and for us all, that thou shouldst die'—that his wrath could be terrible against all unrighteous doers, I think only the better of him for this. But this was not all. One who wrote immediately after his death, and apparently from personal knowledge, allows that there was a serious fault here. 'There was nothing in him,' such are his words, 'the least way blamable but his choler, to which the least provocation gave fire—a humour familiar to fiery spirits, chafed with continual business which often falls out cross. But he had a corrective ever ready, which was an overflowing courtesy and sweetness, to him natural, which stopped and repaired the breach his anger had made. For any hasty speech he would give satisfaction, not only to men of eminency, who might justly be offended, but to those also of the meanest condition. In acknowledgment of his nature, so apt to take fire at the least mistake, he would often say to those about him, "I bear with you in many things; you must bear with me in this."'¹

Something you have heard of his mental and moral gifts. Outwardly, too, he was one 'framed in the prodigality of nature.' His look proclaimed the hero, and, at the same time, the genuine child of the North. A head taller than men of ordinary stature, yet all his limbs were perfectly proportioned. Majesty and courage shone out from his clear grey eyes; while, at the same time, an air of mildness and *bonhomie* tempered the earnestness of his glance. He had the curved eagle nose of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Wellington,

¹ *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. iv. p. 208.

of Napier—the conqueror's nose, as we may call it. His skin was fair; his hair blond, almost gold-coloured, so that the Italians were wont to call him *Re d'oro*, The Gold-king. In latter years he was inclined to corpulence, though not so much as to detract from the majesty of his appearance. This made it, however, not easy to find a horse which was equal to his weight.

The great actors in the first, or perhaps we should more justly call it the second period of the War, vanish in rapid succession from the stage. If we take as the heroic figures of the War Tilly, Pappenheim, Wallenstein on the one side, Gustavus and Bernard 'of the lion-brood of Saxe-Weimar' on the other, a period of two years sees the disappearance of the four first, and Bernard only remains, he too before very long by fair means or by foul to be taken. Tilly was the first to go. The King's death is the next to arrive. The field of Lützen, only a few miles from the Breitenfeld, and, like it, not then for the last time destined to take the rich incarnadine of blood, was the spot which his death should make memorable for ever.¹ There should be the appointed term and bourne of his short but glorious career. Gustavus would appear for some time back to have had a presentiment that the end was not far off. At the siege of Ingoldstadt—the only city, by the way, in Germany which, besieging, he did not take—his horse was killed under him by a cannon-ball from the walls,² and

¹ See H. Merivale, *Historic Studies*, 1865. *A Visit to Lützen*, pp. 286–324.

² It is characteristic of the impression which Gustavus made

the King himself, hurled with it to the ground, was at first supposed by those about him to be slain as well. Had this been so, the same day (April 20, 1632) would have seen his death and that of Tilly, who had been carried to the city, and was dying there. His hour, however, had not fully come; and he rose, not seriously hurt, only saying to those about him, 'The apple is not ripe yet.' It was not ripe, but it was nearly so. Yet, whatever presentiment he may have had, he was more than cheerful as he went forth to this, the latest labour of his life. It was ever so with him upon such occasions, for in him were grandly fulfilled those grand lines of our own poet, who pourtrays 'The Happy Warrior' as one who,

'called upon to face
Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.'

A severe wound, received in his Polish campaigns, made the wearing of his armour very painful to him. When it was brought to him this morning, he declined to put it on, saying, 'God is my armour,' and entered into the battle without it. The story of his death is told in many ways; and while the broader features of the closing scene stand out before us distinct and clear, there is much uncertainty in the accessory details, and we have no choice but to select such of

on enemies as well as friends, that when he retired from the untaken city, the horse which had been buried on the spot was dug up, and its skin, stuffed, was long to be seen among the notable sights of Ingolstadt.

these as seem to us the best accredited, or, where there is no weight of evidence on the one side greater than on the other, the most probable; and this, to the best of my judgment, I shall proceed to do. The King was a little short-sighted, and always, as I have already mentioned, tempted to expose himself overmuch. That morning a heavy mist hung over the field; and in riding, accompanied by a small staff, from one part of the field to another, he found himself suddenly face to face with some of the Imperial cuirassiers. 'Look out for those black fellows, or they will do us a mischief,' he said to those around him. But presently, whether urged on by his native impetuosity, by that Berserker rage latent in his Scandinavian blood, or that this was not now to be avoided, he was entangled in a conflict hand to hand with these. His left arm was shattered with a pistol-shot. At first he thought to have remained on the field, and was unwilling it should be known that he was wounded; but, growing faint with pain and the loss of blood, he said to a German prince at his side—'Cousin, lead me out of the tumult, for I am hurt.' At this instant an Imperialist officer rode close behind him—no one hindering, for he was not recognized as an enemy—and shot the King between the shoulders. He fell from his horse, which dragged him a few paces, and then disengaging itself, and rushing wildly along the Swedish lines with bloody housings, announced to all that some misfortune had befallen the King. All who were round him fled, save only one young German aide-de-camp or volunteer, who, dismounting, would fain have raised and set him on his own horse. The King stretched

out his hands to him ; but the attempt to lift him was vain, for Gustavus was a large man, and probably wounded to the death already. Meanwhile three of the enemy's horsemen rode up, and demanded who this officer of rank, that lay wounded on the ground, might be. Löbelfing—for he should not pass unnamed—refusing to give the name, received several hurts, of which he died five days after ; but was able to give this account of the latest moments of his lord. 'I am the King of Sweden,' feebly exclaimed Gustavus. A pistol-shot through the head, and several sword-thrusts through the body, were the answer. His hat, blackened with the powder and pierced with the ball, is still to be seen in the Arsenal at Vienna, his bloody buff-coat as well. More is not known of the final agony, except that, when the tide of battle had a little ebbed, the body of the hero-king was found with the face to the ground, despoiled and stripped to the shirt, trodden under the hoofs of horses, trampled in the mire, and disfigured with all these wounds.¹ The

¹ These circumstances are strangely moralized by Richelieu :—
 'La mort du roi de Suède est un exemple mémorable de la misère humaine, ne lui étant pas, à l'instant de sa mort, resté de tant de provinces qu'il avoit conquises sur ses voisins, et tant de richesses qu'il avoit gagnées en Allemagne, une seule chemise pour couvrir son infirmité ; l'orgueil de sa naissance et de la réputation de ses armes, qui l'élevait au-dessus de plusieurs grands monarques, ayant été abattu jusques à ce point que d'être foulé aux pieds des chevaux amis et ennemis, et si égal aux corps des moindres soldats entre lesquels le sien étoit gisant, meurtri et souillé de sang, que ses plus familiers mêmes eurent peine à le reconnoître pour lui rendre l'honneur de la sépulture. Telle fut la fin de toute sa grandeur.' In other words—the words of our own poet—I should prefer to moralize this closing scene :—

surgeon who embalmed the corpse that it might be sent to Sweden for burial, found upon it seven freshly inflicted wounds, with the scars and cicatrices of thirteen more. Such was the end. The pitcher which had gone often to the well *was* broken at last ; but the treasure which the earthen vessel contained was not, with the broken sherds of that vessel, spilt upon the ground.¹

‘ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.’

¹ Michelet (*Hist. de la France*, vol. xii. p. 128) relates the King's death in the following words :—‘ On sait sa mort. A cette furieuse bataille de Lutzen, il accable Waldstein, le bat, le blesse, le crible, le renverse, lui tue ses fameux chefs, l'homme surtout qui fut la guerre même, ce Pappenheim, qui en naissant, eut au front deux épées sanglantes. Il revenait, paisible et pacifique, confiant comme à l'ordinaire, de la terrible exécution. Il n'avait avec lui qu'un Allemand, un petit prince, qui avait passé, repassé, plus d'une fois d'un parti à l'autre. Un coup part, et Gustave tombe. L'homme suspect qui l'accompagnait s'enfuit, et alla droit à Vienne (16 novembre 1632).’ It is to be hoped that this is not a fair specimen of the accuracy of Michelet's history in its details. There are almost as many mistakes here as there are lines. Wallenstein was not wounded at Lützen. The spur is reported to have been torn away from his boot by a cannon-ball ; and that was all. The King certainly did not ‘ kill ’ Pappenheim, being himself dead for some time before his arrival on the field of battle. The exact hour of Pappenheim's appearance on the field is uncertain ; but it is quite certain that he did not appear till some time after the King had fallen. Those who bring the two events the nearest, place the King's death at 1 P.M., Pappenheim's arrival at 2. So far from having actually won the battle, and being slain as he was calmly returning from it, *it was in the very heat of a conflict, in which the scales of*

It will be easy to imagine what a cry, I will not say of despair, but of anguish, went up from all Reformed

victory had not evidently inclined to the one side or the other, that Gustavus fell, and the battle lasted for some hours more. All who are familiar with its details will remember that his second in command, Kniphausen, on the tidings of his master's death, is reported to have exclaimed, 'There is still time to make a good retreat;' and was taken up by the fiery Duke of Weimar with the words, 'There is still time to win a glorious victory.' So far from being accompanied by no more than a single German, besides Prince Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg, to whom Michelet of course alludes, there were several others with Gustavus at the moment, as for instance Luchau, Prince Francis Albert's equerry, by whom the cuirassier who had discharged his piece into the King's back was immediately after killed, the young volunteer who was so faithful unto death, with three or four more. Neither is it true that Francis Albert had already passed and repassed more than once from one side to the other. He had left the Imperial service, and attached himself to Gustavus, and this was all. As little did he take to flight and go straight to Vienna. On the contrary, he did not change sides again till several months after the King's death; having remained during this interval in the Swedish and in the Saxon service; and then, a slight unmeritable man, no doubt also conscious of the suspicions with which he was regarded, he took service with the Emperor once more.

The whole subject has received a thorough discussion in Förster's *Letters of Wallenstein*, 1828; and since these were published, Keller (*Drangsal des Nassauischen Volkes*, 1854, p. 176) has drawn a very interesting letter, evidently official, from the archives of Nassau, written at three o'clock on the night after the battle, and while yet two or three regiments of Imperial troops, as we read also elsewhere, had not quitted the immediate neighbourhood of the field. The letter is without superscription, but from its whole tone there is strong internal evidence that it was addressed to Oxenstiern, and it may very well have been the identical letter which reached him at the gates of Hanau, and which first brought him the tidings that

Europe at the tidings of Gustavus' death ; from Protestant Germany above all, where men felt that the band and bond which held so many discordant elements together, and knit them into one for the defence of a common cause, was broken.¹ In England men found it hard to believe that he was indeed dead ; and more than once the report came that, though grievously wounded, he was still alive and would recover, and yet accomplish the work which he had begun. And the circle of those who mourned his premature taking away was wider even than this. The Christians of the East had learned to look toward him as their destined deliverer from the yoke of the Mohammedan oppressor ; they, too, bewailed the shattering of these visionary hopes of theirs. And, if not mourned by his foes—it would have been too much to expect that they should lament the

his great Master was no more. It is evidently the writing of one having the best opportunities of information ; and as perfectly acquainted with all the particulars of the King's death as at such a moment anyone could be ; but there does not breathe in it a suspicion that he fell otherwise than in fair and open fight. I may add, the details of the King's death being so differently told, that all which it reports of these details agrees, so far as it goes, with what is here written. It is certainly a pity that Feodor Dietz, in his fine picture of the death of Gustavus, now, I believe, in the gallery at Carlsruhe, should have given countenance to this legend. The figure in black armour, who, with a pistol just discharged in his hand, gallops away from the spot, while the young Löbelfing bends over his prostrate master, can of course be intended for no other than Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg.

¹ Or as Balde puts it more strongly, from his point of view—

'Rupta est inæqualis catena
Tot scelerum, pereunte nodo.'

taking of such an adversary from their path—still it was most honourable to them and to him, that, in Germany at least, all violence of party hate appeared hushed for the moment in the presence of such a death. It was indeed otherwise at Rome, which has never shown any magnanimity on such occasions as this. An English poet, Henry King, who wrote an elegy with a certain amount of merit on the death of Gustavus, while the tidings were still fresh in the minds of men, describes with hardly an exaggeration—

‘ the world

From her proud height of expectation hurled ’

by that event ; so were all men, either in hope or in fear, watching that wonderful career of his, and marvelling what the consummation of it would prove.

Gustavus Adolphus was in the ripe prime of manhood, only thirty-eight years old, when he died. He had been in Germany scarcely more than two years ; but in a little while he had fulfilled a long age. Some heavy disasters the cause of religious liberty subsequently endured. Political objects and aims—the humbling of the House of Austria—came more into the foreground, after the French took an open part with the Swedes and the Protestants of Germany ; the whole tone of the War was in many ways lowered ; but the work which he came to accomplish was done. And as good men are often, shall we not say always, happy, not in their deaths only, but in the opportunity of their deaths, he too was taken, as we may believe, from evil to come—taken certainly from the ingratitude of the Princes whom he had delivered—taken perhaps from that worst evil, which might have come upon him, the gradual mingling of lower motives with a

lofty aim—the finishing (in part, at least) in the flesh what had been begun in the spirit, with God's glory becoming less, and his own glory becoming more, to him than it had been at the beginning. From the possibilities of all this he was taken ; and has left a name, than which there are few indeed that shine with a purer and brighter lustre in the firmament of fame.¹

¹ Paul Flemming's Ode on the Death of Gustavus, 'Billig ist's dass wir uns freuen' (it is quoted by Hagenbach, *Kirchengeschichte*, vol. v. p. 65), has real merit ; so too another by the same author, 'O du zweimal wüstes Land,' which also gives an affecting picture of the desolations of Germany ; it may be found in Wackernagel's *Lesebuch*. I am not acquainted with any other German contemporary poetry of any great value, which was called out by Gustavus' career or death. A spirited ballad, some six or seven hundred lines long, with the date of 1633, was drawn from oblivion, and published with notes and Introduction under the title, *Das Gustav-Adolphs-Lied, von W. von Mältzahn*. Berlin : 1846. Yet this is nothing very wonderful, and would scarcely yield a better stanza than the following : —

‘ Er liess sein Vatterlande,
 Nam sich fremder Noth an,
 Abriss Tyrannes Bande,
 So lange er's Leben g'han :
 Für's Vatterland zu streiten
 Ist eine Schuldigkeit ;
 Sterben z' Nutz ander Leuthen
 Ist sondre Dapfferkeit.’

There are several copies of verses—they do not deserve a higher name — on the occasion of his death in English. Besides a heap of these, altogether worthless, in *The Swedish Intelligencer*, I am acquainted with poems on this subject by Drummond, by Henry King, mentioned already, and by Carew ; one, too, in *Select Epitaphs*, by Toldering. None of these are absolutely worthless — Drummond's being the best—but all very far below their argument.

LECTURE III.

GERMANY DURING THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

HAVING regard to the widespread and deplorable revival of a war-spirit throughout the world, the result, no doubt, of the passing away of that elder generation which had seen with its own eyes, and made proof by its own experience, what a great war meant and what it involved, I can deem no words out of place, no effort, however humble, to be despised, which may serve to remind us of what, therefore, it may mean again. I have taken for my subject the aspects, social, moral, and religious, of such a war ; because, dreadful as may be the shock of contending hosts, the mutual destruction which they inflict upon each other, and more dreadful still, the ghastly *aceldama* which, when all the pride and passion are spent, they leave behind them ; yet neither this nor that is the dreadfulest of all. Other aspects of war, as it affects the non-combatants, as it finds out the weak and the helpless ; its evil influences as they penetrate through all society, everywhere disturbing and disorganizing ; its waste, its havoc, its disorder, its famine, its pestilence, and, worst of all, the scope which it gives to all savage and brutal natures to indulge themselves freely—it is this which deserves to be brought into fuller light, finding as it does little or no place, at the most but slight and

transient mention, in the pages of the historian. He on the stage which he has selected may cause to pass before our eyes a spectacle stately and solemn, itself mournful and tragic enough ; but the ten thousand obscurer woes, the innumerable tragedies more real still, which are being enacted behind the scenes and out of sight, he will not give us, nor will the conditions of his art allow him to give us, more than a glimpse and hint of these. Thus, to take a single example, we read in a book which treats of this War, that 'Glogau, Leignitz, *Goldberg*, and Crossen were reduced one after another.'¹ Such a statement will certainly not move you much or at all ; but what this cursory mention implied in the case of one of these places, I shall have occasion, before this lecture is finished, to tell you.

It is then from this point of view, and a little to supply this omission of historians, that I propose to pourtray to you in a few rapid sketches what the Thirty Years' War did for Germany—in what condition it found, and in what condition left it. In doing this I shall take for granted that you remember enough of my former lectures to make it unnecessary for me again to set before your eyes the stage on which that protracted tragedy, which dragged its bloody length through very nearly the third part of a century, was acted ; and as little who were the chief actors in it, or what the objects which they proposed to themselves to achieve. All this I shall presume to be in outline sufficiently known.

The Thirty Years' War ! How terrible a sound do these words, if we meditate upon them ever so little, carry with them ! What a cup of pain was put to

¹ Mitchell, *Life of Wallenstein*, p. 344.

our lips in that Russian War, which within two short years was brought to a close. And yet how altogether should we fail to realize the facts of the case, if we supposed that by multiplying two into fifteen, and thus reaching thirty, we should at all represent to ourselves the loss, the ruin, the anguish of the War I speak of. It is quite another arithmetic which would give us the sum total of these. Instead of a war at a distance of nearly two thousand miles, imagine one which had raged among our own hearths and homes. Instead of a war with a foreign nation, let us suppose it had been one in which the children of our own soil, knit together by a thousand ties of blood and of language, had been ranged in fratricidal strife against each other. Let us imagine again, that as the strength of the land ebbed and decayed, foreign nations, under one plea or another, some as friends and allies, and some as foes, had stepped in, French, and German, and American, taking part on one side or the other, or rather seeking to make their own gain out of our weakness and divisions, spoiling and harrying with an entire impartiality those whom they professed to help and those whom they undertook to assail. Suppose too, that over and above the political motives which have been at the bottom of the great wars of the last two centuries, there had been superadded all the fierce hatreds which a religious war too surely engenders. Imagine all this to have gone on for thirty years—for the entire lifetime, that is, of one generation—the flames of war dying down in one part of the land, but only because they had exhausted all on which they could feed, and anon blazing up in another ; swaying hither and thither, backward and forward,

scorching, blackening, consuming, leaving nothing but dead ashes behind them. Let us imagine all this to have gone on, until by war, and its two ever-faithful satellites, famine and pestilence, three-fourths of the population of England had perished, or been driven away, its twenty millions had been reduced to five millions, and of all other elements of wealth, power, and civilization a far larger proportion, villages innumerable to have for ever disappeared from the map, all the offices of religion in some parts of the land to have ceased for years, and the very traditions of civilized life to have wholly died out,—let us suppose all this, and we may just imagine a war which would endure in horror to be faintly compared with that which desolated Germany from 1618 to 1648.

At the time when the troubles which were gradually to take consistence and deepen into this frightful War commenced, Germany was rich and prosperous—probably richer and more prosperous in many districts than she ever since has been. The wars consequent on the Reformation, which had so wasted France and the Low Countries, had in the main spared her. She had only known the brief struggle of the Protestant Electors with Charles the Fifth, and the insurrection of the peasants, both nearly a century old; and she was now enjoying the rich accumulations of considerably more than half a century of almost uninterrupted peace. It is true that the great commercial confederacy of the Hanse Towns, which at one time numbered wellnigh a hundred cities, scarcely numbered now half a dozen, was the ghost of its past self; that *Nuremberg* and *Ratisbon* and *Augsburg*, wealthy and

prosperous still, were not what they once had been, now that the products of India and the East no longer found their way by the Danube into Western and Northern Europe. The discovery of America, and of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, had created an Oceanic commerce, for which other lands, England, Holland, Spain, were all more favourably situated than Germany. The two mediterranean seas, the Baltic and that other which has appropriated to itself this name of Mediterranean, were no longer the main sphere, and in some sort the limits of commercial enterprize, which had learned to take wider flights. But Germany for all this was busy, industrious, opulent; if not very refined, yet full of solid well-being; her cities with a vigorous municipal self-government, her people having retained in dress, in feasts, in amusements, in city pageants, in amicable contests of the cross-bow and the arquebuss, much of the picturesque life of the Middle Ages. How all this wealth and prosperity, and much which was more precious than these, was not merely checked and diminished for a time, but doomed in great part to perish from the very roots, so to perish that much of it never again revived, this is the mournful yet not wholly unprofitable tale which is now to tell.

We may very well imagine the real though somewhat languid interest with which rumours of disturbances in the outlying kingdom of Bohemia were listened to in the years 1619 and 1620 by the rural population of Central and Northern Germany—this interest growing somewhat livelier, as it became plain that what was there at stake was not merely a dynastic

question, the right of succession to the Bohemian throne, but whether those of the Reformed religion should retain the liberty of a free exercise of their faith, confirmed to them by the most solemn pacts. We may imagine how this interest gradually deepened into an earnest sympathy, as bands of fugitives, who had saved nothing but their lives, filled Western Germany with the woful tale of their own sufferings, and the worse sufferings, sufferings oftentimes unto death, of many whom they had left behind. And yet how little they, as they listened with mingled alarm and indignation, or even those with far wider and more statesmanlike outlook than theirs, could have guessed that a volcano had opened there, whose crater should go on enlarging ever, westward to the Rhine and beyond it, northward to Holstein and Jutland, southward to the Tyrol,—wide as the whole fatherland; every region of which, this a little sooner, that a little later, should be scorched and devastated by it; that the child in the cradle should be a man of middle age before the War which was now beginning had ceased; that few among those of middle age should live to behold its close; and that they who did should be as the forlorn survivors of a catastrophe which had involved wellnigh everything which they held most dear in its ruin. Not however the War, with the fatal steps by which it advanced from a local disturbance to a universal confusion, but the reaction of the War on the people, on their condition, social, moral, and religious, it is this of which I would speak to you a little.

The beginnings of the War altogether failed to indicate *what its progress and close would be*. Here, as

elsewhere, the worst did not all at once arrive. For a while some shadow and pretence of order was maintained amid all the disorder, license, and lawlessness which war can never be without. Huge contributions in money and in kind were levied on villages and open towns ; often levied again and again, till these were reduced from plenty to poverty, and all the marrow and fatness of the land had been quite sucked out. Numberless excesses were committed by a lawless, ill-disciplined soldiery as they marched through a neutral or even a friendly territory, or took up their quarters there. Still it was not as yet recognised and avouched that to them everything was permitted. The deadly hatred between the peasantry and the soldiers, which became afterwards so direful a source of wrongs and outrages innumerable, had not yet grown up, or at any rate had not yet reached that intensity which afterwards it attained. So late as 1627, an officer high in rank, one who had raised two regiments of cavalry for the Imperial service—the measure of whose atrocities was at length full and more than full, or the cry against whom could not be safely disregarded any more, was brought by Wallenstein before a court-martial, beheaded, and his body broken upon the wheel—though indeed when we read what he had been allowed to do before this punishment overtook him, and how long his impunity had endured, we cannot understand how little his execution can have done to reassure or to restrain.

Escape from these outrages and oppressions was sought in various ways. Not seldom the smaller Princes or Free Cities would obtain from Vienna, as a reward for services, or at the price of large gifts, a

salva guardia, as it was called, for the technical language of war was mainly Italian ; freedom, that is, from the passage of troops through their territories, and deliverance from that which they feared still more, being as it was no passing but an abiding plague, and one involving charges intolerable to be borne, the quartering upon them of troops, when not engaged in the active operations of the field. For the most part these exceptional privileges, dearly bought as they may have been, profited but little. The military commanders made little account of them. Vienna was often a great way off, and there was no one there very jealous to maintain these inconvenient immunities, the price of which had been already received. It profited as little when one of these smaller potentates, bolder or rasher than others, drew together the raw local militia, occupied the fords and defiles of his country, and in this way sought to hinder a military progress through his land. Well for these if nothing worse happened to them than to be contemptuously brushed aside by the veterans of Tilly or of Wallenstein with no more violence than this of necessity involved.

Sometimes the attempt would be made to buy off the presence of troops by large gifts to their immediate captains and commanders, or if not to buy off altogether, yet to induce that some tolerable discipline should be maintained among them. All could not be approached with money ; but silver goblets, golden chains, curiously inlaid pistols, richly caparisoned chargers, diamond necklaces for the wife or the mistress, whom it was then the custom of officers of rank to bring with them to the war, rare pictures, where it was presumed that such would be welcome,

these came amiss to few. Thus Gallas, known as 'The destroyer of armies,' these armies however being not the enemy's but his own, received an eagle of gold studded with diamonds from the city of Rostock, in acknowledgment of an Imperial *salva guardia* obtained for the city by him, with permission for the city to display the Imperial arms from the walls, if at any time extreme need should so require. Of Tilly indeed it is reported, and his character gives likelihood to the report, that he was always proof against bribes such as these. His soldiers, he said, could not travel through the air, and he would make no promises which he could not fulfil : but he was a rare exception. So long as there remained anything to offer, attempts of this kind would be made, and would be partially successful, though as the armies must live somewhere, the evil was in this way only shifted, and not removed.¹

Nor was it long before the limitations of worst evil, which had for a while existed, disappeared ; the feeble barriers which would have arrested it were thrown down. Large as were the contributions which a land so opulent as Germany then was, could make, in many instances larger than could be drawn from the same districts at the present day, they were not inexhaustible. With the growing impoverishment of

¹ Ranke states in his *Life of Wallenstein* that he can nowhere find contemporary authority for the significant and ominous saying ascribed to him :—'An army of ten thousand men cannot feed itself, but an army of fifty thousand can.' We may compare Napoleon's words in an angry letter to Junot, who was hesitating to advance on the plea of inability to feed his troops :—'An army of twenty thousand men can live anywhere, even in a desert.'

the land, harsher measures became necessary to extort from the population, now grown at once poorer and more desperate, the little which they still strove to retain for themselves. And then too, in the very nature of things, and 'by custom of fell deeds,' men, as war goes on, become worse and worse, more lawless, fiercer, crueller. Thus the strict discipline, resting upon the fear of God, which Gustavus brought with him from Sweden, and which he was so much in earnest to maintain, did not endure above a year. He was never able to introduce it among his German allies, and already before his death it had sensibly deteriorated even among his own soldiers ; for, as he was himself obliged to confess, ' War is war, and soldiers are not nuns.' The battle of Nordlingen, with all the other calamities which it brought to the Swedish arms, brought a total and final overthrow of whatever of this may have survived till then ; and from that time forth there was little or nothing to choose between the visitation of a Swedish army and an Imperialist. If the Imperialists, having had some sixteen years' start in pillaging and harrying the wretched population, were greater adepts in this devilish work, the Swedes on the other hand cherished a particular animosity against the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and the Dukes of Mecklenburg, which they were not slow to wreak on their unhappy subjects. These were all Protestant Princes, who, losing heart after a little while, forsook the common cause, sought to be neutral, or ranged themselves on the Emperor's side. The Swedes, I will not say justly, but certainly not very unnaturally, regarded these as betrayers of the common cause, and sought to make them and their people taste the bitterness of

the War to the last drop. Indeed one of the worst tortures devised at this time for wringing from the miserable population a confession of anything concealed or supposed to be concealed by them, went by the name of 'The Swedish Drink;' implying, whether justly or not I know not, that it was of their invention.

Then, too, the materials of which the armies were composed passed inevitably from bad to worse. This, which had been a civil war at the first, did not continue such for long; or rather it united presently all the dreadfulfulness of a civil war and a foreign. It was not long before the hosts which trampled the German soil had in large part ceased to be German; every region of Europe sending of its children, and, as it would seem, of those whom it must have been gladdest to be rid of, to swell the ranks of the destroyers. Germany was the carcase, and they were the vultures,—for 'eagles' they had no right to be called,—which were gathered round her for their prey. From all quarters they came trooping, not singly, but in whole battalions—on the Protestant side Swedes and Finns, Hollanders and Frenchmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen; on the Roman Catholic and Imperial side were ranged Spaniards and Italians and Walloons, adventurers from Ireland, representatives of nearly all the Slavonic tribes, Poles and Cossacks, Dalmatians and Hussars, and, most detested of all for their license and their savagery, the Croats, or Crabats, as they were usually called; whose name, by the way, you would hardly expect to meet in the cravat which we wear round the neck, originally a fashion of theirs, and the name from them derived. All these came trooping

in multitudes to the fields of war ; it may be one here or one there eager to contend for the truth, or for what he esteemed to be the truth ; though perhaps only the fiercer and the crueller for this ; but the most, by the readiness with which they changed sides, took service under one banner or the other, as this or that seemed to promise more of plunder or pay, declaring plainly that all which had attracted *them* was the liberty and license of war.

All armies draw after them a train of camp-followers ; they are a plague which in the very nature of things is inevitable. But never perhaps did this evil rise to so enormous a height as now. Toward the close of this War an Imperial army of forty thousand men was found to be attended by the ugly accompaniment of a hundred and forty thousand of these. The conflict had in fact by this time lasted so long that the soldiery had become as a distinct nation, camping in the midst of another ; and the march of an army like the migration of some wild nomade horde, moving with wives and children through the land. And not with these only. There were others too in its train, as may easily be supposed : troops of unchaste women—readers of Walter Scott will remember Dugald Dalgetty's inopportune attempt to explain to the Lady of Ardenvoehr the arrangements for preserving some sort of order among these—gangs of gipsies, so far more numerous than had been ever before known that they seemed to have sprung out of the earth ; hordes of Jewish sutlers, watching to make their gain by purchasing his booty from the soldier ; with all of wickedest and worst which the War had bred, or drawn by a too sure attraction to itself. Marauders

too there were, 'soldiers of Count Merode,' or 'Merode's brothers,' as these plundering skulkers from the ranks were now called.¹ The foot-soldier who had

¹ From which among the Count Merodes these derived their title is not so certain ; for there were at least three of this name in the Imperial service, and all of them officers of evil repute, and notorious for the license which, exercising themselves, they also permitted to their followers. We may, I think, certainly conclude from some lines entitled *Merode's Remorse*, that one among them was popularly regarded as the cruellest and most remorseless among the many cruel and remorseless who for so many years ravaged and spoiled the German land. These remarkable lines (see Opel and Cohn's *Dreissigjähriger Krieg*, p. 343) constitute a portion of a larger poem, *Heart Confessions*, as it is called, in which each of the chief actors in or abettors of the War is made successively to utter, as in a Palace of Truth, the innermost thought of his heart. Merode, after recounting some of his deeds of rapine and blood, goes on to say :—

'Ach Gott, hät ich das bleiben lan,
Es möcht itz um mich besser stan !
Ich sah nicht an die heissen Zährn,
Die in den gülden Bechern warn ;
Die Seufzer waren noch bedeckt,
Welche die Leut darin versteckt,
Itz stehn sie hie vor Gottes Thron,
Ganz freudig, wie mag das geschehn ?
Sie klagen mich aufs heftigst an,
Was ich an ihnen hab gethan.
Kein Mann ist hie, der für mich spricht ;
Des Papstes Schlüssel taugen nicht,
Sie g'hören nicht zur Himmels Thür ;
Kein Jesuiter kömmt dafür,
Der mich zu sich da hol hinein,
Ich seh dass sie selbst nicht da sein.'

The suggestion of *Simplicissimus*—I hardly know whether it finds allowance with Carlyle or not (see his *Hist. of Friedrich II.*, vol. i. p. 344)—that the word 'marauder' is derived

thrown away his musquet, the cavalry-soldier who had sold or lost his horse, with many more who loved the license but shrank from the toil and danger of war—these, not so much seeking to gather up what the armies had left, for that would have been little, but to be the first where spoil was to be gotten or havoc made, were the evil harbingers of a worse evil behind. It is a thought to make one shudder, the passage of one of these armies with its foul retinue through some fair and smiling and well-ordered region—what it found, and what it must have left it, and what its doings there will have been. Bear in mind that there was seldom in these armies any attempt whatever at a regular commissariat; rations being never issued except to the actual soldiers, and most irregularly to them; that the soldier's pay too was almost always enormously in arrear, so that he could not purchase even if he would; and then it will be possible remotely to conceive what a weltering mass of misery endured and misery inflicted must have ever floated round such a camp as it moved.¹

from one of these precious captains is certainly a mistake. 'Maraud,' 'marauder,' 'maraudise' had existed for at least a hundred years before, are found in the *French Dictionary* of Stephanus, 1549. What indeed the true derivation of 'marauder' is remains uncertain. Mahn (*Etymol. Forschung.*, p. 10) can only suggest the Latin 'morator,' used often in Livy for the loitering straggler.

¹ Anyone who would fain have a lively image of what the plundering of a village in the Thirty Years' War will have oftentimes meant, might study with advantage Wouvermans' wonderful picture, having this for its subject, in the gallery at Munich, though some of the horrors which attended it he has not permitted his pencil to touch. Another by Dietz, a modern artist of considerable reputation, who died a year or two ago, on

And yet perhaps it was not the larger armies sweeping through the land which wrought the worst mischief. Bad enough, they were yet but a passing plague. It was rather the network of armed posts, of the smaller garrisons established in the country towns, in fortified villages, in churches, which, covering all the land, brought the miseries of war almost without intermission home to all. The historian of Lord Arundel's Embassy to Vienna, with proposals of peace,¹ describes the whole country through which they moved as alive with Croats, by which name probably any plundering bands soon came to be called.

No wonder that in many a village or unwall'd town, on the church-tower or on some other eminence commanding a wide outlook of the country

the same subject, I have not seen. He has occupied himself much with subjects drawn from this period of German history. I have already mentioned his picture of the Death of Gustavus (see p. 84). He has another of Queen Eleonore viewing the King's body at Weissenfels before it was transported to Sweden; and yet another of the Death of Max Piccolomini, that is, of his death as poetically treated by Schiller. His actual death was much sadder. Wounded and taken prisoner at the Battle of Jankau (1645), some turn of the engagement made a rescue seem not impossible, and he was thereupon slain by his captors.

¹ *Earl of Arundel: Travels as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor Ferdinando II. in 1636.* London: 1637. A most curious little volume by one of his suite, in which the strangest horrors, of which they were the eyewitnesses, are told in the quietest and most passionless way. Readers of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* will no doubt remember the character which in his first book he draws of Lord Arundel, than which he has few more masterly. It is one which sufficiently explains the total failure of his embassy, though doubtless an abler and more genial man would have failed just as completely.

round, a watch would be kept night and day, to give earliest notice of the appearance of any hostile bands ; and when I say hostile bands, it is well to keep in mind that for the most part *all* bands were hostile, the soldiery recognizing no distinction between friend or foe, but with impartial cruelty robbing and torturing all alike, with no account taken of the Confession to which they might belong. The signal of their approach given, the entire population would take flight ; whatever they could carry away, carrying this with them ; and then in the depth of the forests, in inaccessible morasses, on the sides of the mountains, in abandoned quarries, in caves natural or artificial, in any spot where they could hope for refuge and concealment, would wait, often for weeks or even for months together, till the tyranny was overpast. *The Amber Witch* opens, as some will remember, with a very striking and truthful description of such a flight. We may faintly picture to ourselves all which under these conditions must have been suffered, from the inclemency of a German winter, from the want of all things ; the old men, the delicate women, the tender babes who must have perished in these wild hiding-places, the memory of not a few of which is still traditionally handed down, and some of them shown to the present day ; even as the country parts of Germany are in other ways full of traditions and reminiscences of the Great War.

When the danger was for the moment over, and they ventured to return, it would be oftenest to black and smoking ruins ; always to houses stript of everything which could be carried away ; and what could not be carried away cast out, trodden under foot, and

so far as possible destroyed ; the wine shed upon the ground, the food of beast or man trampled in the mire ; for it was a rule to leave nothing to an after-comer, who might be an enemy ; and if you could not beat, you might at any rate hope to starve him. In vain had the most artful places of concealment been devised for the hiding of some precious objects, if any such still remained to hide ; though when we read, as in Lord Arundel's *Travels*, of a village which in two years had been plundered eight and twenty times, and twice in one day, there must soon have been very little to conceal. It was seldom that some one could not be caught, and, being put to the torture, made to declare what had actually been hidden, or at any rate to tell who were likely to have anything to hide. It was here, above all, that the Swedish Drink which I have mentioned already came into play. This, a mixture of all liquids the most disgusting, by aid of a horn was forced down the throat. The body, swollen to an unnatural size, was then stamped on, and in this way the drink forced out of the throat again. Many died under the torture ; the health of others was destroyed for life. But apart from such help as was thus obtained, the skill of the seekers was more than a match for that of the hid-ers. The soil was everywhere probed with iron rods. Water was poured upon it ; wherever this sank rapidly into the earth, there the soil had recently been moved and something was buried. Every wall was tapped with the butt-end of the musquet, that any hollow sound might betray the cunningly contrived recess, with the little hoard which had been lodged therein. The church vaults had been burst open, the coffins broken

in pieces and rifled, the corpses in them flung out to the dogs ; for in such loathsome receptacles, among the very bones of the dead, it was sometimes sought to conceal a little remnant of food, even as we read of the same occurring in France in 1870. All had been discovered, and all swept away. The glorious church at Doberan, near Rostock, one at this day of the finest in North Germany, must have recovered in the main from the wrongs which it suffered ; but a contemporary pamphlet from the pen of its rector tells the story of its utter wrecking by the Swedes. On this occasion the tombs of the Dukes of Mecklenburg were as little spared as any other, the corpse of the wife of the reigning Duke being flung forth with the rest. Here, too, we meet an incident of frequent recurrence. The spoilers having stript a vast quantity of lead and copper from the roof, and beasts there being none to charge with this, they hunted up a sufficient number of the peasantry from the neighbouring woods and morasses, and harnessed these to the wagons in which they carried off their booty, to sell up and down in the land, wherever a purchaser could be found.

Sometimes indeed, but very rarely, if the party of marauders was small, and the spirit of the villagers not utterly broken, an attempt at resistance would be made, which was not always unsuccessful. The village cemetery was usually walled round. Collecting in its precincts all which they had most precious, and turning it into an extempore fortress, they would receive with a galling fire, and sometimes drive off the party of the enemy. Three or four villages lying near to one another would sometimes pledge themselves to *mutual assistance*. On the signs of danger approach-

ing any one of these, the tocsin would be sounded, or some other signal given ; hereupon all would haste to the rescue, and now and then a bloody repulse would be inflicted, the spoilers suffering something of what they came to inflict upon others. But this was only too rarely ; for the most part all was at the mercy of those who had long unlearned, if they had ever known, what the meaning of mercy was. Nor need I add, that when resistance of this kind was attempted and failed, worse than what else would have been worst was the lot of the vanquished.

This War has left a very characteristic deposit in our language in the word 'plunder,' which first appeared in English about the year 1642-3, having been brought hither from Germany by some of the many Scotch and English who had served there ; for so Fuller assures us.¹ 'Contemporary,' he says, 'with Malignant was the word plunder, which some make of Latin original, from planum dare, to level, plane all to nothing. Others make it of Dutch [he means, of German] extraction, as if it were to plume or pluck the feathers of a bird to the bare skin. Sure I am we first heard thereof in the Swedish wars, and if the name and thing be sent back from whence it came few English eyes would weep thereat.' Take, let me say by the way, Fuller's information, but leave his etymologies. Heylin, who so often contradicts Fuller, confirms him here, giving the word exactly the same date, though without tracing it to Germany. 'Plunder,' he writes, 'both name and thing, was unknown in England till the beginning of the war.' Whether the thing had been so unknown in other previous wars

¹ *Church History*, 1643.

which in 'our rough island story' are recorded, I should take leave very much to doubt ; but doubtless the name was new.¹

When outrages like these were wrought, it is easy to imagine the savage class-hatred which ere long grew up between the soldiers and the boors. It was one of the most dreadful features of the War, and added unspeakably to its horrors. For the boor the soldier was a natural enemy, and for the soldier the boor. It needed but a few mutual provocations for each to seek to inflict upon the other the deadliest injuries in his power. And though in this rivalry of hate and

¹ Here is a brief popular song about the Swedes and their doings in this line of things, which, with all its rudeness, is admirable in its completeness, having a beginning, middle, and end. It has not found, but was well worthy of, a place in Opel and Cohn's collection :—

'Der Schwed ist kumme,
Hat Alles mitg'numme,
Hat d' Fenster 'nein g'schlage,
Hat's Blei davon trage,
Hat Kugel d'raus 'gosse,
Und d' Bauere verschosse.'

Here is nature, and, in the following lines of Balde on the same subject, they too not without merit, is art (*Sylv.* 3, Ode 7) :—

'Ultimum, dulces casulæ, stetit ;
Villa vanescit ; rapiuntur una
Vasa cum tectis ; inhumatus infra
Villicus ardet.

Spes, opes, cives, focus, ara, longæ
Strage procumbunt ; nocet ille ferro,
Ille Vulcano ; tabulata sidunt,
Culmina fumant.'

wrong it would inevitably happen that the peasantry suffered far the most, yet it could not be but that they sometimes tasted the sweetness of revenge. Lurking in the woods, they hung on the skirts of armies, above all of armies defeated and retreating, watching for stragglers, for isolated marauders, for sick and wounded who dropt behind, putting such as fell into their hands to death with every device of cruelty and insult which rude men, maddened by injuries, could imagine ; again drawing on themselves or on others of their own class retaliations of a cruelty which sought to transcend theirs. One Melchior Hedlof, brigand, murderer, avenger, or what else we may please to call him, was famous in this line. Lurking for fifteen years in the forests of Silesia, he is reported to have shot down no less than two hundred and fifty-one, mostly soldiers. An English officer who fought at Lützen probably exaggerates, when he counts that twice as many of Wallenstein's army perished during the retreat to Bohemia by the hands of the boors as in the battle itself ;¹ but the currency of such a report attests how active their enmity was, and how deadly, when opportunity arrived, it might prove. What manner of retort the soldiers of Wallenstein made upon this occasion on the boors, how they formed parties to hunt them down, not necessarily those actually in arms against them, but any of the same class whom they could anywhere overtake, as men make parties to hunt wild beasts, this may be read in the *Swedish Intelligencer*. Another wonderful account of one of these hideous cycles of outrage

¹ *Letter from George Fleetwood*, of date Nov. 22, written therefore some seventeen days after the battle, and published by the Camden Society, vol. i.

and wrong (it would not bear to be quoted) may be found in *Simplicissimus*, the German *Gil Blas*, a book which yields a picture of the strange, wild, utterly dislocated and demoralized life of the period, such as a hundred volumes of history would fail to afford.

I shall not harrow your feelings with any details of the cruelties which were wrought, oftenest by the soldiers, on the suffering population ; sometimes in mere wantonness, sometimes by way of retaliation, most frequently as a means of extorting hid treasures, which, if they had ever existed, most probably had vanished long ago. There is very much which I could not report, and much which, though not absolutely untellable, had yet better remain untold. One thing I will venture to relate, fearfully illustrative as it is of that development of the purely devilish, which ever goes hand in hand with the development of the bestial in man. A time arrived, when to kill men's bodies seemed too little, unless their souls could be killed as well ; and thus it was a not unusual pastime to promise life to some unhappy victim, on the condition that he would deny his faith, or blaspheme God ; this wrung, as it would too often be, from the terror-stricken wretch, then, profiting by a wicked quibble which lay in the form of the promise, to kill him in his sin—that is, to kill, as it was hoped, and with the same stroke, body and soul together.

It was indeed the bitterest irony of all, that this War, which claimed at the outset to be waged for the highest religious objects, for the glory of God and for the highest interests of his Church, should be signalized ere long by a more shameless treading under foot of all laws human and divine, disgraced by worse

and wicked outrages against God, and against man, the image of God, than probably any war which modern Christendom has seen. The three master sins of our fallen nature, hate, lust, and covetousness, were all rampant to the full, so that one is sometimes perplexed which was the ruling wickedness of the time; on the whole, however, I cannot doubt that it was the last, and that the others were secondary and subordinated to this; there might be pause and remission in them, but in this never.

With such things done, it is nothing wonderful that there should have come down to us, the growth of that evil time, what we might call by no name so fitly as 'litanies of the devil;' and which certainly would not have declined this name. In these all the relations of men to a moral world are reversed and read backward; all mercy, all pity, all righteousness, all truth, are denounced and abjured as accursed things; all works of hell, cruelty and hate and lust, exalted and glorified, as alone the proper ornament of a man.¹

¹ I quote not from these. Let this of the satirist Logau suffice:—

'Mars braucht keinen Advokaten,
Der ihm ausführt seine Thaten;
Keinem hat er Nichts genommen,
Wenn er Nichts bei ihm bekommen;
Keinem hat er Nichts gestohlen,
Denn er nahm es unverhohlen;
Keinem hat er je geschlagen,
Der sich liess bei Zeiten jagen.
Was er von der Strasse klaubet,
Ist gefunden, nicht geraubet;
Haus, Hof, Scheun und Schopf geleeret,
Ist, ein Stücke Brot begehret;

How often, in reading the records of that time, one is reminded of that characteristic of men who have reached the extremity of wickedness, which St. Paul gives, 'inventors of evil things;' how often too of that most fearful alliance between cruelty and impurity, 'lust hard by hate,' which is one of the darkest, and at the same time most constantly recurring, phenomena of our fallen nature; for it is not merely in the land of the Gadarenes that we find swine and devils in closest relation with one another.

It is not only the ill actually endured, but the ill impending, the sense of utter insecurity which, at times like these, takes all joy out of the lives of men. Soon it became evident that there was no safety in almost any remoteness from that which might be the scene of warfare at the actual moment. When all in their immediate neighbourhood was wasted, armed bands variously disguised, as merchants, as gipsies, as travellers, or sometimes as women, would penetrate far into the land; by aid of treacherous intelligence which they had before obtained, and which there were always those ready to give, would surprise and carry off the richer inhabitants of the small towns and villages, compel them to ransom themselves at enormous sums, torturing, oftentimes to death, those who refused or who were unable to produce the sums

Stadt, Land, Mensch und Vieh vernichtet,
Ist, des Herren Dienst verrichtet;
Huren, saufen, spielen, fluchen,
Ist, dem Muth Erfrischung suchen;
Nicht mehr Mensch sein an Geberden,
Ist, ein braver Kerle werden;
Endlich dann zum Teufel fahren,
Ist, den Engeln Müh' ersparen.'

demanded of them.¹ You may perhaps remember, or, if you have not read, you will thank me for bringing to your knowledge, some lines in Henry Taylor's *Philip Van Artevelde*, which very grandly describe a condition of things such as must have then existed over large regions of Germany:—

'Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round;
And be the prattling voice of children heard;
Now let us make good cheer—but what is this?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
A form, which midmost in the circle sits,
Half visible, his face deformed with scars
And foul with blood?—Oh yes, I know it: there
Sits DANGER with his feet upon the hearth.'

Nor was the condition of the larger towns much better. It is true that the disorganization of society cannot, unless in exceptional instances and at exceptional moments, have been so complete in them as in the country parts; yet their state also was wretched in the extreme. It did not need actual siege or capture to make them acquainted with the miseries of the

¹ See Philander von Sittewald's *Soldaten-Leben*, p. 622. One who has been thus carried off, pleads that he is of Düsseldorf, a neutral city; and at once receives a hundred lashes in proof that the neutrality of Düsseldorf will help him nothing. In the contemporary *Theatrum Europæum*, vol. iii. p. 365, there is a frightful summing up of the terror and agony of the time:—
'Niemand wusste, wer Feind, wer Freund seie, es waltete kein Unterschied. Wer Geld hatte, galt als Feind; wer keines hatte ebenfalls, wurde desshalb gemartert. Kein Unterschied des Orts oder der Personen w nacht, Heiliges und Unheiliges, Geweihtes und U behandelt. Landeskinder befiessen sich, ihr nei zu übertreffen.'

time. With no draught-cattle to bring firewood in, there was no help for it but that abandoned houses, by degrees whole streets, and sometimes the greater part of a town, should be pulled down to prevent those of its inhabitants who remained from perishing by cold, the city thus living upon and gradually consuming itself, by the same act maintaining and destroying its own existence. Cut off by the near approach of hostile armies from the neighbouring country, their industry interrupted, all their sources of wealth dried up, oftentimes crowded with multitudes who, driven from their homes and possessions, betook themselves to the cities as the only places where life could be secure for an hour, they had a foretaste in these sufferings of worse adversities behind; were singed and scorched by the flames of war even when not consumed by them. Thus in 1637, after the taking of Torgau, twelve thousand wagons filled with fugitives arrived in the space of three days at Dresden. A pestilence which the fugitives brought with them, or which was engendered by their crowded, miserable condition, camping as they were obliged to do in the streets or open places, swept away half the inhabitants of the Saxon capital.

But the cities did not long escape a nearer familiarity with the havoc and scourge of war. They were besieged, some, as Leipsic, five times, or as Magdeburg, six, or as Plau, a little fortified town in Mecklenburg, eight times. The varying fortunes of the struggle caused them to be taken and retaken many times over, and generally, as almost all towns were then fortified, after a siege of longer or shorter duration; in which the suburbs, and a good part of the town

would have probably been burnt down, or otherwise destroyed. Not many, it is true, having been taken by assault, endured such horrors as this was considered to justify ; horrors such as have made the Sack of Magdeburg a by-word for all the worst which could be endured or inflicted under such conditions.¹ Yet this was not by any means a solitary horror, without any other to approach it. It stands out from all others, because in the necessity of things men seize on some representative fact on which to dwell ; and this not seldom puts other similar ones out of sight, and stands forth as though it stood alone. Other cities also, though not perhaps so historically famous, could have told terrible stories of their own ;² some, where there wanted the poor excuses and palliations offered by a weary siege and bloody assault, crowned at length with a successful storm. Thus there is an account of the occupation, for capture it does not deserve to be called, of Goldberg, a small town in Silesia, by Wallenstein's army in 1633, which, while everything was done in cold blood, not to say in treacherous viola-

¹ A contemporary ballad refers to these in words pathetic from their very simplicity :—

‘ Es seind nicht auszusprechen
Die Tyranneien all,
Das Herz will mir zerbrechen
Wenn ich denk den Unfall ;
Kein Türk Tyrann noch Heide
Es ärger machen künnt ;
Der Teufel in der Hölle
Erdenkt kaum solche Fünd.’

² Thus see in Biedermann, *Deutschland im achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii. p. 30, an account of what befell at the taking of Kempten in 1633.

tion of pledges given, appears to me, though on a much smaller scale, quite to surpass the Sack of Magdeburg in devilish wickedness. I am not going, as I have said already, to enter into particulars. Cruelties it is always better not to repeat, at all events not to dwell on. They are like impurities, and not least in this, that only to hear of them does us harm. How it fared therefore with women and children at Goldberg, on this let silence be kept in the main. I will only mention that many of these threw themselves into wells, from the tops of houses, over the city walls, counting this to be chosen rather than what they thus escaped; and, not at all as one of the worst features of the sack, but as one capable of being described, that when this revel of fiends was drawing to an end—it had lasted two days and a night, one batch of soldiers from the army encamped outside succeeding another—they harnessed old men and tender girls and honourable women to the wagons in which they carried away the spoil of the city; and that weeks after, sorrowing husbands and fathers and brothers, with some little sum of ransom which in the meantime they had gotten together, were seeking in the Imperial camp their wives and daughters and sisters, who all this while had been detained there in the hands of these brutal men.¹

¹ The very title of the contemporary pamphlet from which I have drawn this account is itself instructive:—*Abscheuliche doch Warhafftige Erzehlung wie die Kayserlichen den 24 Sept. 4 Oct. 1633 in der Stadt Goldberg barbarisch, ja ganz teuffelisch gehauset. Creuznach, Nov. 1633.* Wallenstein himself had once been a scholar at a famous gymnasium there, but this of course before he had gone over to the Roman Catholic Church.

Few who include in their summer tour the pleasant little town of Wiesbaden, are aware of the terrible outrages which in this War were perpetrated there. After having suffered severely on various occasions during the preceding periods of the War, it was in 1644 surprised by five hundred Bavarian cavalry, and became the scene of crimes and atrocities, of which the unhappy inhabitants were the victims, which would match with the very worst which this War, fruitful as it was in such, could produce ; which only, if hell had broken loose, could have been exceeded. Here too I shall hold my peace ; or will only mention this much. When at length this crew of robbers, ravishers, and murderers left the town, or so much of the town as had not perished in the flames, they left it driving before them the entire population which survived, men and women and children ; and, as was indeed not uncommon in these frightful times, all of them stripped absolutely naked. For a year from the date of these horrors, the town stood absolutely empty of inhabitants. Intense exasperation caused by the recent loss of the neighbouring fortress of Mayence, which had been surprised by the French, was the probable explanation of the exceptional fury with which Wiesbaden on this occasion was visited.

But even in the city rendered by compact, and where the terms of capitulation were observed, every thing needed to be redeemed which the citizens would not see carried away or destroyed. *Brandschatz* as it was called, must be paid ; ransom, that is, for the city itself, if the conquerors refrained from reducing it to ashes. Thus when Tilly took Hildesheim in 1632, redemption money to the amount of 150,000 dollars

was paid. Letters requiring this 'brandschat'—I find the word naturalized in the English of the time—are still in existence, scorched at the four corners, as a sort of menace and prophecy of the doom awaiting the receivers, if there should be any failure or delay in complying with the demand. The church-bells were the perquisite of the artillery, no metal being counted so good for the casting of cannon. The organ, the city library, every object to which any value could be attached, the trees which adorned the city walks, if they were not to be cut down and sold for firewood, must each and all be severally redeemed; and many times over, it might be, during the alternating successes of the long War. Where the ransom was larger than could all be raised at once, and the army was on the move, the chief citizens would be carried away as hostages till the stipulated sum had been paid; being in many instances so ill treated, that they returned home only to die.

Under conditions like these, it is not wonderful that the fields were left nearly or altogether untilled; for who would sow what he could never hope to reap?—or indeed what was there to sow, when the very seed-corn had been consumed for food? or what likelihood that the plough would speed, when, if a man ventured on any work in the fields, it was only with a musquet slung upon his back, and some neighbour planted in a tree to give him timely notice if Croat or Swede was approaching? What wonder that famine, thus invited, should before long have arrived? In 1636-1637 the dearth in many districts was so *extreme*, that many, driven by the fierce necessities of

hunger, parted with lands and houses for the merest trifle, it might be for two or three measures of corn, with which to keep themselves and their household a little longer alive.¹ Nor was it merely that things coarse and unfit for human food, having little or no nourishment, as bread made of acorns, as leaves and roots, were eagerly devoured ; but persons were found dead in the fields with grass in their mouths ; while the tanners' and knackers' yards were beset for the putrid carcases of beasts ; the multitudes, fierce with hunger, hardly enduring to wait till the skin had been stript away. The bodies of malefactors, broken on the wheel, were secretly removed to serve for food ; or men climbed up the gibbets, and tore down the bodies which were suspended there, and devoured them. This, indeed, was a supply which was not likely to fail. At Brünn, the once prosperous capital of Moravia, where Lord Arundel found only four households of the living remaining, he found also ' a gallows and scaffold by the way, whereon the burghers of the town suffered, and many hanging still, who were Lutherans.' It became necessary in some parts to

¹ One of the most curious and perplexing questions which arose after the Peace connected itself with such sales as these ; namely, how far alienations of property made under this frightful pressure should stand good. There were not few who had thus parted with their inheritance literally for a mess of pottage. Should they be holden in all strictness to these bargains or not ? For the most part it was thought well in such cases to seek out a middle term, some equitable arrangement which should neither entirely annul these contracts, nor yet, on the other hand, require that they should stand fast in all their severity ; and it was generally found that a friendly transaction in this sense could be arrived at.

set watches in the churchyards, lest the newly-buried corpses should be dug up again for food. The sextons were approached with miserable bribes that they would permit this. This also, namely a dead body scraped out of the grave, one can scarcely suppose with any other intention, Lord Arundel saw, though the account is not very clear. Prisoners in Alsace were killed that they might be eaten. Children were enticed from home, then invited to the shelter of a night, but so dealt with that they should never need the shelter of another ; wayfaring men hunted down in the fields that they might be devoured. Near Worms, a company of beggars were surprised making their cannibal repast round a huge fire in the open country ; in the cauldron where their food was preparing, were found the arms and thighs of a man.¹ This was in 1637, and the War was to last eleven years more ! They might count themselves fortunate who, travelling with horses and wagon, and being waylaid by a group of famishing men, saw only their horses killed and their wagon broken up on the instant for firewood, that portions of these might at once be cooked and eaten, being themselves permitted to go on their way. Putting all together, it is not too much to say that the crowning horrors of Samaria, of Jerusalem, of Saguntum, found their parallels, and often worse than their parallels, in Christian Germany only two centuries ago. I had thought at one time that there were isolated examples of these horrors, one here, one there, just enough to warrant the assertion that such things were done ; but my conviction now is that they were very frequent indeed, and in almost every part of the land.

¹ *Theatrum Europæum*, 1637, p. 778.

Adolph Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg, not a man to have spoken at random, who least of all would have done so in an official letter to Gallas, the Imperialist Commander, writes to him with date January 23, 1639:—‘In many places parents have eaten their children, and a man is not safe from his fellow, as numerous examples have shown.’¹

Districts which had for centuries been in the occupation of civilized men were repossessed by forests, and these of extent so vast, that while before this time fears were continually expressed lest the forests of Germany should be utterly exhausted, from this date forward the expression of these fears, notably enough, ceases altogether. And wild beasts, wolves above all, multiplied in these, or, bolder yet, made their lair in the villages, which had been wholly abandoned by their inhabitants. The contemporary records tell a strange and hideous story of a peasant venturing to return to his abandoned house, hoping to recover from his cellar a few pieces of money which he had buried in it, and finding the entrance disputed by a she-wolf, which with her brood had harboured there, and had already dragged into her den the carcase of more than one wayfarer. Or sometimes there would

¹ Anyone who is content to sup full of horrors need only turn to a pamphlet (it will be found in the British Museum), *Wahrhafter Bericht der unerhörten Thaten und abscheulichen Exemplen, welche in Ober Teutschland sich begeben*, Thorn, 1639, and I think he will own that all which can be imagined in this matter of worst will be nearest to, but yet will fall very far short of, the truth. Places, names, qualities, dates, all the circumstantialities of each of the hideous acts which it relates are there given to the full—in many instances simple cannibalism; in too many others, this with murder preceding.

lurk in these now desolate places worse than wild beasts, murderers or murderesses. Two of these last we are told of, who haunted the ruins of a village, lying in wait there for the lives of any who might return to gather up some fragment of what once they had called their own.

As where there is war, there will presently be famine, so it will not be long before pestilence follows in the track of this ; λιμός and λοιμός having a closer and more fearful connexion than that merely of sound.¹ And here too it came to pass that where battle slew its tens, and famine its hundreds, pestilence slew its thousands and ten thousands, reaching often to places which the ravages of actual warfare had spared, and sweeping away multitudes who fancied they had attained a harbour of safety, and were beyond the range of the destroying angel of the War. The waste of the population, and the rapidity of the waste—many causes no doubt contributing, but this the chiefest—was something so frightful as to be scarcely credible. When Lord Arundel passed Wesel on the Rhine, men were dying there of the plague at the rate of more than thirty a day. The population of Würtemberg sunk from nearly half a million to less than fifty thousand, and this was the work of only a few years, for the War was far advanced before this region was touched by it. And by that just back-stroke of vengeance which we so often trace in the moral history of the world, those who inflicted the woe were not seldom brought to taste also themselves in turn the woe which they inflicted ; the cup of pain

¹ Cf. Jerem. xxxviii. 2 ; Horace, *Carm.* i. 21. 12, 13.

which they had presented to the lips of others being in turn presented to their own. Entire armies, which had never seen a foe, melted away and vanished from the earth before the wasting pestilence. It would indeed be hard to imagine a more significant contrast than that which existed between the wild and riotous wassail of the soldiery during the earlier years of the contest, while as yet they were prodigally using up the hoarded wealth of the land, accumulated during long years of peace and prosperity, and the dreadful silence which in the later periods of the conflict reigned among the spectre-like and famishing hordes, camping in their pestilence-stricken huts on the untilled desolate wastes, or among the blackened ruins of villages long ago forsaken by their inhabitants.¹

¹ Balde (*Sylv.* 9, *Ode* 18) gives a very graphic description of a visit, real or imaginary, to a camp. It is equal to the admirable sketch of the same in Freytag's *Bilder aus d. Deutschen Vergangenheit*, part ii. p. 62 sqq., and would lend some new touches even to that. The return of the plundering parties with their booty, all which they could carry or drive; the wanton waste which made what would have been abundance for many not to reach the necessities of the few; the goblets richly chased and heaped on tables of citron wood, round which the rude gamblers of the camp were congregated; the multitude of unchaste women; and, side by side with all this revelry and riot, the punishments which were going forward, the scourgings, the mutilations, the breakings on the wheel; such as, if there be no exaggeration in this part of the picture, imply that, whatever license might have been allowed in some directions, there was no reluctance to inflict for other offences penalties of extreme severity; all this he sets forth with a master's hand. Nor does he omit to describe the duels fought on the slightest provocation or on no provocation at all, these made more hateful in his sight by the fallings on one another's necks, the mutual kissings and embracings of those just about to seek one another's life. The

But it has been well said by the Schoolmen, *Generalia non tangunt*, 'Generalities do not touch us.' Let us obtain a glimpse of some single household, and mark the ravages of the pestilence there. Gotlebius, pastor of Dillenburg in Nassau, having seen already his wife and seven out of his eight children swept away by the plague, makes on October 17, 1636, this further entry in the registry of his parish: 'Yesterday at five, my sole remaining heart-beloved little daughter, Mary Magdalene, who sickened on the day preceding exactly at the hour that my son John Philip was departing, fell gently and happily asleep. God who is true, and who will not suffer his own to be tempted above their power, will deal with me also, according to this his promise, will, as a Father, comfort and strengthen me, grant me patience, and even a joyful overcoming, for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ's sake.' This his confidence that he should be mercifully dealt with was not disappointed. That which doubtless he most desired was granted to him; for exactly twelve days after, an entry by another hand records in the same registry that he also had gone to those who could not come back to him.

poem closes with regrets for Tilly, who would scarcely have allowed matters to reach that point of confusion. It will be seen at once that this picture of the life of the camp belongs to an earlier period of the War than that of which I speak above.

LECTURE IV.

*GERMANY DURING THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.**(Continued.)*

WE have not yet exhausted the half of the German sorrow. The War, as it was fruitful in all other miseries, so it did not want those which a profligate and fraudulent tampering with the currency inevitably draws in its train. 'War,' says the Greek proverb, 'is sweet to those who have never tried it'—to those, we may say, and to no other; and the Princes of Germany quickly found themselves at their wits' end to meet the outlays which it required. These outlays were enormous. An army was as a bottomless pit, into which treasures might be flung for ever, and its cry was still for more. A modern military writer has calculated that it cost five times as much to maintain an army of ten thousand men, with its due proportion of cavalry and artillery, then as it would cost now. It would lead me too far to enter into the proofs which he gives for this, and the reasons by which he explains it. Loans even for small sums were hard to obtain, and only obtainable at enormous interest. Spain could no longer, as in the days of Philip II., 'mischief the world with her mines of Ophir;' and if a rare subsidy from thence for the Emperor, from England or from Holland for the Protestants, came to hand, it had lingered long on

the way, arrived in greatly diminished bulk, had been for the most part discounted long before it actually reached its point of destination. What then so natural as that those whose needs were thus so urgent should betake themselves to that easiest of all resources, a depreciation of the currency? It was indeed as easy as lying, was, in fact, itself lying on the largest and most mischievous scale, every coin which was not what it professed being a circulating lie, with a Prince, a King, or an Emperor for its utterer.

The path on which these were now tempted to enter was not altogether a new one. Not a few of them had already meddled a little with the currency, letting out to some contractor the right to coin a certain quantity of money, and winking hard on the character of the money thus put in circulation. But for all this, serious obstacles had been placed in the way of such transactions by the laws of the Empire. With the growing disorders, these safeguards were more and more neglected. What had been done timidly and on a small scale, was now done boldly and on a large. The silver dollar could be alloyed with copper, and still with more copper—might at length be nothing else but copper with a silver wash so slight that a week or two's wear was sufficient to reveal the ruddy hue beneath it. Nay, presently copper itself was too dear, and there was need to seek out some yet baser metal, which, still bearing the same name, might continue—so at least it was fondly hoped—to do all the work of the nobler metal which it had superseded. The experiment was tried, and at first appeared eminently successful. It seemed impossible to create this money fast enough. In some parts of the country

there was hardly a village which had not its own mint. It is true that, mysteriously enough, the old silver dollars, as though unwilling to endure the meaner fellowship into which they were thus brought, at once, and as if by magic, vanished out of sight. This was curious ; but for a while excited little uneasiness ; seeing that for a brief moment everybody seemed growing richer and not poorer by the War. Where before there was one dollar stirring, now there were five, or ten, or twenty. And what came easily went easily ; there was no difficulty in borrowing money ; nobody haggled at the price which he was called on to pay for anything. Presently, however, the gain was not found to be so unmingled. A day of disenchantment was not long in arriving ; it arrived almost before the disappearing wash had revealed the lead or the copper which for a moment it had concealed. All commodities rose rapidly in price, until twenty dollars would not purchase what one dollar had purchased two years before. It was in vain that the cities established, as in the French Revolution, a maximum, or fixed price, for the necessities of life ; more than which it was not lawful to demand. This measure did not mend matters, but rather made them much worse ; its only consequence being, that the bakers would not bake bread, the butchers would not kill meat, the farmers would not bring corn to the market. Nor was it long before loud cries were heard from those who had fixed incomes, many of them among the most useful persons in the land ; from the village pastor, from the country schoolmaster, no longer able to exist on their modest stipends ; from the poor students at the Universities, a very numerous

class, whose Exhibitions were now wholly inadequate to keep body and soul together ; from all who, living on the interest of money, saw beggary instead, it might be, of opulence their portion ; from creditors whose debtors repaid them sums nominally the same as they had borrowed, but in reality less by four-fifths or nine-tenths ; even as at a later day, when the currency had righted itself, those who had borrowed at this time found themselves under an obligation to pay back sums enormously greater than any which they had received ; the unrighteous loss veering now to one side and now to the other.

Amid the ruin and wide waste of war, all this may seem but a trivial calamity, and hardly worthy of commemoration. But indeed financial catastrophes like these are among the worst mischiefs of such evil times, breaking down the moral sense of a people, giving a kind of legal sanction to acts felt to be dishonest, turning honourable citizens into gamblers. Add to all this the ignoble passions which they arouse, the discord they introduce into the bosom of families, the fierce antagonism which they put between one class and another ; and you will not wonder that after the crash had arrived, and the bursting of the inflated bubble of a deceitful prosperity (this took place early, about the year 1623), the Kippers and Wippers¹ (for by these new names the speculators in this debased money, the men who had leased the right to coin and

¹ From two provincial words, *kippen* to clip, and *wippen* to fling, i.e. the heavy money from the scales. There is an excellent ballad, *Kipp- Wipp- und Münzer-Lied*, in which their luxury and insolence is taxed, and their approaching ruin announced, in Opel and Cohn's *Dreissigjähriger Krieg*, p. 423.

to circulate it, and who had contrived to make their fortune out of the ruin of almost everybody else, were called)—that these, I say, were held in an almost equal abhorrence with the Pandour and the Croat ; so that, long after the War had ended, there was no worse blot on any man's reputation than to be known to have acquired his wealth in the shameful speculations of that time.¹

A language is so precious a portion of a nation's inheritance, being in some sort the very breath of its moral and spiritual life, rising and falling with the rise and fall of this life, that the wrongs and injuries done to it may claim our attention by quite as good a right as those done to its more material interests. A growth of barbarous habits will inevitably draw after it an ugly growth of barbarous words. A people who have not courage or patriotism to repel the armed foreigner from their borders, who allow him to ride on the high places of their land, will take no serious offence at the foreign words or idioms which, bringing with him, he imposes on them. Despising whatever may be of home-growth, and looking with awe-struck admiration at the strange and the exotic, they will endeavour to make what of this they can their own ; and nothing so easy as to pick up these peacock feathers, and to adorn themselves with them. If all this be true, it could not fail but that the War should exercise an enormous influence on the language, and that altogether for the worse.

¹ On this whole subject see an article by Sybel, *Deutsche Finanznoth beim Beginn des dreissigjährigen Krieges* in the *Forschungen zur Deutschen Geschichte*, vol. xvi. p. 213.

Saying so much, I would not in the least imply that the German language was in a satisfactory condition at the time when the War broke out. So far from this, in the century which had elapsed since the Reformation, various influences had been at work to debase and to degrade it. The pedantry which had so effectually separated learning from life, which, for instance, led German scholars and theologians still to write in Latin, while almost everywhere else they had exchanged this for their mother tongue, had done very effectually its work. But this and much more admitted, it is not too much to say that every bad symptom and tendency in the language was immensely aggravated by the War. If already a rank overgrowth of foreign words was hiding the genuine Teutonic element out of sight, this overgrowth now became ranker still. The language became now the strangest mangle-mangle conceivable. There are documents of which it is simply impossible to affirm whether we are intended to regard them as German or Latin ; ¹ others

¹ I take, almost at random, the following from a semi-official letter, of date Dec. 23, 1624 :—‘ In summâ in re tam difficili muss zufförderst Gott angerufen, und dahin betrachtet sein, ut unus sit scopus, zu dessen Ausführung hernacher absolutum quid requireret wird, denn viel Köch verderben die Supp, die exempla sind leider mehr als in promptu.’ Certainly Balde had good right to complain (*Sylv.* 13, *Ode* 3) :—

‘ Barbaras jactat didicisse voces,
Barbarus trudit male nata verba,
Barbarâ fictum modulatus ampul-
latur in arte.

Lingua Celtarum vel Ibera tanti ?
An suas Româ repetente plumas,
Nuda non cornix iterum moveret
Ludicra risum ?

plainly German in the main, but which at the same time yield in every page a not inconsiderable percentage of words, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.¹ A distinguished French scholar complained long ago that almost all military terms in French were derived from the Italian, this leaving an erroneous impression, as though France had learned from Italy the art of war. The Germans had much better right to complain. The contemporary documents, as the *Letters* of Wallenstein, the official despatches in the *Theatrum Europæum*, swarm with such words as these, here and there Spanish, but Italian for the most part:—‘armata,’ ‘infanteria,’ ‘cavalleria,’ ‘artigleria,’ ‘citadella,’ ‘bat-taglia,’ ‘desrotta,’ ‘campagna,’ ‘soldatesca,’ ‘cañonada,’ ‘estrapada,’ ‘retirada’; nor indeed with these military terms alone, but with other, such as these:—‘grandezza,’ ‘capo,’ ‘liga,’ ‘amore,’ ‘accordo,’ ‘forza,’ ‘cortesia,’ ‘rispetto.’ The number of French words which effected a lodgement in the language was more numerous still.² How long and laborious a task it was to clear the

Teutonum sermo sibi debet ortum,
Liber et princeps, thalamumque honestæ
Matris ostendit; reliqui feruntur
Pellice nati.’

¹ Thus see Droysen, *Gustaf Adolf*, vol. i. p. 203.

² Here is a sample from a play acted to celebrate the Westphalian Peace:—‘Ein Cavalier ist, wer ein gut Courage hat, mainteniret sein état und réputation, und giebt einen politen Courtisaner ab.’ Gryphius, a respectable poet, who wrote during and immediately after the War, denounces this fashion in lines of which I can only quote a very few:—

‘Was sonst nett und artig ist, muss galant und proper heissen;
Jeder will sich, wenn er kann, dieser Eitelkeit befeissen.

language of these intruders,¹ to enable Germans to speak German once more, and not in great part French slightly disguised by aid of German terminations, how many needed to work together before this could be accomplished, scholars and poets and divines, a Leibnitz, a Gottsched, a Spener, with many more, and not single individuals only, but patriotic Societies, some with princes at their head, all this is abundantly familiar to as many as have any close acquaintance with the history of the German literature and language.²

The Universities, instead of being fortresses, where, amid all the brutality and savagery which everywhere else prevailed, whatever survived of learning and higher culture, and of the humanities, should find refuge, to be sheltered there till the tyranny should be overpast, did themselves reproduce only too faithfully the dissolution of manners, the anarchy, the

Nennt nur keine Ritters-Leute, braucht den Titel Cavalier,
 Und zieht fremde Bagatellen Deutschen Ehrentiteln für;
 Heisst man Hauptman Capitain und die Wachen Sentinellen,
 Das heisst alles nach raison de la guerre wohl bestellen.'

See on this subject, Biedermann, *Deutschland's Trübste Zeit*, p. 30; and Fuchs, *Zur Gesch. und Beurtheilung der Fremdwörter im Deutschen*, pp. 21, 25.

¹ See in Grimm's *Wörterbuch* the article *Galant*, instructive in itself, and further curious, as showing how much passion may find its way into a dictionary.

² 'The Fruit-bringing Society,' the pattern on which were formed so many other Societies having the same objects in view, namely, the restoration of the purity of the German tongue, and the expulsion from it of foreign words, a Society which did good service in its time, dates from the year 1617, a year therefore before the War began.

wildness, the ferocity (for the word is not too strong a one), which were elsewhere the chief features of the time. It was about this time that there grew up in the Universities an organized system of oppression the most hateful, exercised by the elder scholars on the younger; of wrongs inflicted by those on these which must often have gone far to bring about the moral ruin of both, of tyrants and victims alike. Brutal as it was, its brutality was almost surpassed by its meanness, the younger scholars not being allowed to call anything their own; but often being compelled to sell their books, their very clothes, to feed the riot of their masters. This abominable fabric of recognized bullying is only too well known to all who have made any studies in the past history of Academical life in Germany, under the name of 'pennalism' (the derivation of the word is uncertain), and no less familiar the fact that for the better part of the seventeenth century it was the pest and plague of all the German Universities. I have said *of all*, for Döllinger's accustomed fairness deserts him when he lays this mischief to the door of the Reformation, and would imply that it only raged in the Universities which had accepted this. It may have raged with the worst intensity in these; but it was an eating cancer alike in all, a mischief so deeply seated as to defy for years after peace had been concluded every effort of earnest devoted men to extirpate it, only and hardly yielding at last when the Diet itself had taken in hand to legislate against it.¹

¹ See on the subject of pennalism, Hauser, *Deutschland nach dem Dreissigjährigen Kriege*, 1862, pp. 390-399, with the references there given.

But how did that work go forward, which to bring about the Emperor Ferdinand had been willing to submit to horrors such as I have feebly attempted to pourtray the land committed to him to cherish and protect? Let us endeavour to obtain a glimpse of the course of the Counter-Reformation in Germany; and first, as it went forward in the high places of the land.

John Lewis, Count of Hadamar, was a kind of tetrarch in Nassau, he with his three brothers having each inherited a fourth part of what, undivided, would have been no very extensive possession for one; but such parcellings of territory among children were very common in the seventeenth century. The family was Protestant; they were cousins of Prince Maurice of Orange, and more than one of the brothers fell fighting the battle of religious liberty in the field. The Count was rather a scholar than a soldier; the master of several languages, and not without a tincture of theology. He had travelled much, had been present in England at the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the daughter of James the First. The desire to procure some alleviation for his subjects from the intolerable burdens of the War drew him to Vienna, for to his honour it must be said that at no time of his life did he spare himself when there was hope that any assuagement could be procured for the sufferings of his people. Before leaving for Vienna, he paid a visit to his neighbour, the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Elector of Treves, that he might obtain from him letters which might serve him at Court. Unhappily, he knew enough of the points at issue between the Churches, to be always ready to debate them; and it

was not hard to draw him into a theological discussion at the Elector's table. As a result of this, the Elector's Confessor added to the other letters of recommendation which he carried away with him, one to Lamormain, in which the Count was commended to his special attention, as one whom it might not be impossible to win. At a first audience the Count obtained little save fair words and empty promises; but, dating from the time when his letters had been delivered, the disposition of the Court visibly changed in his favour. On occasion of the laying of the first stone of a new monastery, he was invited to be present, and after the ceremony had the singular honour of a further invitation to the Imperial table, where none were present but the Emperor, Lamormain, and himself. Again he committed himself to a conflict with a trained master in the controversy; and, as the Roman Catholic historian of these events records, for I know of no other record of them, the Emperor saw with delight how one position after another was abandoned by him, till the very citadel of his faith seemed ready to capitulate. Matters this day advanced so far that when the discussion, which had lasted for seven hours, closed at last, Lamormain insisted that the Count should not return to his own lodging, but should remain for a while in the Professed House of the Jesuits' Order, which was provided with an apartment for persons of distinction; that so, removed for a while from the agitations of the world, he might give himself wholly to the great questions on which his mind was now so unsettled. Books on the controversy were here placed in his way; nor did he omit, we are told, to send to his lodging for his own

German Bible with the notes and glosses of Piscator, though this in the issue did not profit him much. In this safe retreat he could debate and dispute to his heart's content; and the father to whose especial care he had been committed, and who happened to be a Nassauer like himself, put aside, we are told, one by one the difficulties which still stood in the way of his embracing the Catholic faith.

This lasted for seven days. What followed it needs not to rehearse at large. We have heard the story before;—how, after a brief agony, he was pierced through and through as with a light from heaven, how all his doubts and difficulties disappeared, how he felt God near to him as he had never felt before. As little needs it more than to be very briefly recorded how the Emperor's Chaplain received his first confession, the Emperor stood godfather for him at his baptism, and how on his first appearance at Court after his conversion, he could not have been received with more honour had he won a signal victory. Presently named an Imperial Chamberlain, he found no difficulty in obtaining the object for which he had travelled to Vienna, an immediate release for his people from all the burdens and oppressions of the War; and, willing to improve to the utmost the present favour in which he stood, he also asked and obtained some of the forfeited possessions of his neighbours, of which the Emperor had, at this time, a considerable stock on hand, to add to his own domain. It is easy to understand that the Counter-Reformation went vigorously forward in his hands; though doomed ere long to be arrested by the victorious march of Gustavus into Western Germany, and never more than very

partially to recover from the check which it then received.¹

But much rougher methods were in use, where not Counts of the Empire, but poor ordinary burghers and peasants, were to be brought back into the true fold. The fanatic attempt to Romanize by force the whole of Germany anew, naturally assumed very different shapes in different districts, followed courses more or less violent, according to the temper of those who sought to bring such an issue about, the means at their disposal, the amount of resistance which they met, the number of edicts and other engagements, giving allowance and various privileges to their Protestant subjects, which it was necessary to break, with various other modifying influences. Still there were features which most of these attempts had in common, and the matter very often went forward much in the following fashion.

The first step was, of course, to deprive the lay people of their natural guides and leaders, to smite the shepherds, that so the sheep might be scattered. When the Lutheran or Reformed pastors were simply expelled, forcibly rent away from their people, and driven, often in their old age, to exile and poverty in some strange land, this was the mildest and most merciful treatment which they met. Numbers, above all in Bohemia, if not slain outright on the spot, which was common enough, were so maltreated or tortured that death presently followed. The pastors in one way or other got rid of, and the churches closed, it

¹ See Keller, *Die Drangsale des Nassauischen Volkes*, pp. 104-116.

was usual to summon all known or suspected Protestants to bring whatever books they possessed to the market-place, that so the heretical ones—in Bohemia the vernacular versions of the Scripture were included among these—might be destroyed. It was sometimes thought safer to make no selection, but to burn all, for so it would be impossible that the bad could escape. This done, a searching inquisition was made through all houses ; and as many as had kept back any books were punished by fine and imprisonment. How thoroughly this work was done is attested by the root and branch destruction of the literature of Bohemia, as it existed before this date. Of books not a few, known to have existed before, there does not now a single copy survive ; they have absolutely perished from the face of the earth. Then, too, it is quite a mistake to suppose that the dragonnade was an invention of Louis XIV., Mdme. de Maintenon, and the Père La Chaise. It had been already in these earlier times proved to do its work excellently well. Soldiers—‘Seligmachers’ it was the sport to call them, just as they were facetiously styled ‘la mission bottée’ in France—were quartered in numbers on the Protestants, with the understanding that almost every outrage was permitted to them, that they were there not merely to devour the substance of their obstinate hosts, but that it was their business in all ways to make their presence intolerable to these. One ingenious device was to bind a mother and her sucking child at a little distance from one another, and so to prove whether the wailings of the infant would not move the mother to recant before death had stilled these for ever. At the same time all this insult, outrage, and wrong could

at any moment be brought to an end by a certificate obtained from the Roman Catholic priest that the bearer had attended confession ; as many, meanwhile, as remained constant being plagued, not merely with those originally quartered upon them, but with those withdrawn from their weaker brethren in the faith.¹

By a remorseless application of means such as these the work of reconversion might seem to prosper, and for a while did prosper far more than it ought to have done. I know how easy it is for us, sitting in safe shelter, to find fault with them who shrunk from the fury of a tempest to which we were never exposed ; but this must not hinder me from saying that it was little to the honour of the Reformed in Germany, that so many, though most of them only in show and semblance, should have given way, that the Counter-Reformation should have made the progress that it did. And yet even in that hour of apparent triumph all went not with the victors as prosperously as might appear. The Roman Catholic priest established in the glebe, from which he had chased the former possessor, was exposed to perils of his own. A wandering party from some neighbouring district would surround the house by night, and bear him away, having first clothed him in a soldier's dress that none might guess what manner of captive they had made. Well for him if after being carried up and down, and exposed to the rough usage of weeks or months, he was allowed

¹ Among brief accounts of the Counter-Reformation in Germany, the best which I know is, strangely enough, by a Roman Catholic, Mailáth, *Gesch. d. Oestreich. Kaiserstaats*, vol. iii. pp. 52-77; see also Herzog, *Real-Encykl.*, art. Böhmen, vol. ii. p. 275.

to ransom himself, or if others came forward to do this kindness for him, at a great sum, a thousand dollars it might be, or more. It was in vain that, forsaking the manse, he lodged in some private house; there were always some to give notice where he might be found. So, too, there were districts where in the daytime the Roman Catholic priest could only move about with safety disguised as a layman, or attended by an armed guard; might lay his account to be fired at, if in the country parts he attempted to perform divine offices otherwise than with soldiers on every side surrounding the spot. Rome has never wanted those who have been willing to affront dangers like these; nor did she want them now. Thus we read in the Roman hagiology of a certain S. Fidelis (his proper name was Marcus Roy), a Capuchin friar, whose martyrdom belongs to this time. As he was carrying on this work of the Counter-Reformation in the Engadin, his escort was set upon and scattered by a peasantry exasperated to the uttermost by the cruelties which they had endured, and the perfidy with which they had been treated; and the missionary himself, according to Roman Catholic accounts, which in all likelihood are only too true, for evil soon begets evil, was put to death with manifold aggravations of cruelty.

But partial as the success was, it was also short-lived. The fabric which it had cost years to erect crumbled almost to nothing in an hour, as works of fraud and force, and not of conviction, are much wont to do. Such was the immediate fruit of the victories of the Swedish King; nor even after his taking away *was the work ever resumed on a large scale or with*

the faintest prospect of a complete success. The reactionary energy had spent itself, and the Roman Catholics had henceforward enough to do to hold their own.

The intolerable sufferings, which I have sought as vividly as I could to set before your eyes, drew after them mischiefs worse even than the sufferings themselves, a demoralization which extended itself to every class of society. For, indeed, they are only a few who can endure, without being made worse by them, the last extremities of ill, above all when that ill must be borne not for some brief moment, but for years. A few elect souls are exalted, purified, made white in this seven times heated furnace of trial; but very many, whom trials in measure would have profited, break down under the stress of a temptation too mighty for their weak strength and weak faith to endure. So it has been ever found; so it proved here.

The village population, plundered themselves, turned plunderers in their turn, formed themselves into bands, and inflicted on other districts the injuries which they had endured themselves—the first foundations having probably here been laid of those robber bands which plagued Germany for a century after the termination of the War. Men suffered so much themselves that they became wholly indifferent to the sufferings of others, were indeed better pleased to enhance than to alleviate these. Those who anywhere possessed anything, sought at once to enjoy it; for why reserve it, not for themselves, but for the spoiler? There grew up a fierce lust after immediate gratification; for what moment but the immediate present could anyone

count for his own? One of the most singular circumstances attending the War was a strange outbreak of excesses and extravagances in dress, the imitation of foreign fashions, mainly French and Italian, with a monstrous exaggeration of these, which signalized the time.¹ We are prepared beforehand for still uglier outbreaks of evil. It was nothing wonderful that the cessation of public prayer, of the ministry of the Word and Sacraments, with the loosing of all the bands of spiritual discipline, the disappearance of schools for the Christian training of the young, that all this should have made itself felt in a general lawlessness, in profaneness, in open violation of the laws of God, as indeed was abundantly the fact; but excesses such as those of which I have just spoken, we should hardly have looked for. The civic legislation of great cities, as of Hamburg, of Nuremberg, of Frankfort, is full of sumptuary laws for the checking of these extravagances in the dress not of women only, but also of men; and not less for the putting of some sort of restraint on the feasts and revellings, which must have shown as a horrid mockery of the famine and the cannibal outrages, existing side

¹ Balde has an admirable Sapphic Ode on these foreign fashions (*Sylv.* 3, *Ode* 3); and from another (*Sylv.* 7, *Ode* 13) I draw a few lines:—

‘Aspice Teutonidas monstros certare marinis,
Luxu natantes vestium.
Non quo nuda tegant, sed quo nudentur amictu,
Nebulosa velant pectora.
Ut latus intorquent! quantâ se in cyclade vertunt!
Quam lata sunt multicia!
Velle suos credas gallinam cogere pullos,
Viso paventes milvio.

by side with them ; strange and untimely revelries, such as find their counterparts nowhere except in those dances of death, which make hideous the story of Athens, of Florence, of Marseilles, and of other cities stricken with the plague. The writings, too, of many earnest Christian teachers, who still fought the battle of Christian living when all seemed outwardly lost, swarm with indignant remonstrances against enormities which, as they would have ill become any time, acquired a monstrous guilt when practised at that time. While it was thus with some, others laid violent hands on themselves, or on those the dearest to them, as counting that any world must be better than this, any hereafter less intolerable than this present. Others openly turned atheists, refusing to believe, if indeed there were a God in heaven, that He would keep silence while such horrors were being enacted upon earth.

One might perhaps suppose that all this would have been misery enough, and that a people so wretched would not breed a new woe out of their own bosom. So, however, they did. During this War the witch-mania reached its highest pitch. The number, chiefly but not exclusively of women, who either died under the hands of the tormentor, or who, after confession had been wrung out of them by intolerable tortures, perished miserably on the scaffold, oftenest by fire, on charges which not merely were not, but could not be true, is terrible to contemplate, and would be simply incredible were not the evidence such as to leave no doubt upon the fact. Protestants and Roman Catholics vied with one another who

should deliver the largest number of victims to their death. The Bishop of Würzburg, between the years 1627-29, sent 900 to the scaffold out of his own diocese, of these 219 from the city of Würzburg alone. In the little town of Offenburg, within four years—they were years when this wicked madness was at its height (1627-30)—there were executed 60 persons on charges of witchcraft; and in many other parts of the land the quota of victims was on a similar scale. It is impossible not to think that the agony of the time must have contributed much to the frightful intensity which this cruel and insane folly at this time attained. Men hanging in constant fear of their lives, with the most frightful calamities at every moment impending over them, their whole nervous system strained to the uttermost by what they had suffered or were in fear to suffer, exposed to pestilences which especially affected the brain, may have been ready to believe direct dealings of Satan, now with themselves, and now with others, which in a happier condition of things would have obtained from them not an instant's allowance.¹

What indeed was the state of men's minds, almost nothing being so monstrous that they were not prepared to accept it, we may gather from the stories of the signs in heaven above and in the earth beneath, of which the contemporary chronicles are full. In the heavens, not to speak of that great comet which, as we know, did actually usher in the War, they tell of false suns and moons, which, as men gazed upon them,

¹ Those who are old enough to have read *The Amber Witch*, of which the action takes place during the Thirty Years' War, will remember how the story turns on an accusation of the kind.

shaped themselves into death's heads, and then disappeared ; showers in divers places of stones, of brimstone, of fire, of blood ; shapes of swords and lances, of fiery dragons, of hosts of men, seen high in mid-air and encountering as in battle there ; while they tell on earth of wells changed from water to blood, of stones and plants which exuded the same ; foul and monstrous births ; strange and ugly reptiles crawling on the earth, such as never had before been seen ; mysterious voices of woe and wailing which filled the night air ; with much else, whether of false or of true, which men were prompt in such a sick and disordered time to receive and believe.¹

The thoughtful student, as he makes himself acquainted with the story of a desolation like this, at once moral and material, will sometimes be tempted to ask how it came to pass that anything survived ; that the very germs of a future civilization, of a Germany such as we now behold, were not quite and for ever trodden out. It is not an unnatural question. We must not, it may be said in reply, suppose that the agony was always and everywhere at its highest height. Thus it was not till after the successes of Gustavus that Bavaria drank deeply of that cup of pain, which her Prince, perhaps more than any other single man, had put to the lips of Germany ; nor was it till quite the latest years of the War that Bavaria drained this cup to the very dregs. And so, too, it fared with other lands. It was not always and everywhere with them at the very worst. They had their

¹ Hagenbach, *Kirchengeschichte*, vol. v. p. 74 ; Balde, *Sylv.* 4, *Ode* 5.

times of intensest suffering ; and then others in which, though they suffered much, the chords of anguish were not drawn with an intensity so terrible. Else indeed no flesh could have been saved.

Then too other forces were at work to hinder the ruin from being absolute and complete. All who have intimately studied the history of those times acknowledge how much was here owing to the Church. The glimpses which we obtain of the Reformed Clergy, at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, do not always present them to us in a very attractive point of view. They were contentious, word-warriors, over-prompt to discern a heretic, in their theological disputes with one another, Lutheran with Calvinist, or either of these with Roman Catholic, frightfully abusive, not a little given to domineer over consciences. But it must be owned that in this extremity of trial they came nobly forth. I would not for an instant imply that the Roman Catholic priesthood were not as faithful to their flocks as the Protestant to theirs—they have seldom failed at such crises as this ; but they were not at all so much addicted to writing and publishing, and consequently have left far fewer records behind them. On the other hand, several of the Protestant Clergy have bequeathed to us curious, and some very touching records of their own experiences during the War. Depending in part on free-will offerings, in part on offerings which it was easy for those who were so minded to withhold, they were among the first to feel the utter impoverishment of the land, with the ever-increasing lawlessness and contempt of every obligation which went hand in *hand with this* ; and the bitterest poverty, hunger, and

nakedness were the portion of many among them. Then too, while all the weak and helpless and unarmed were exposed to terrible outrage, there were none so fitted to concentrate the uttermost of all this upon themselves as the Clergy of the Reformed Faith. The belief everywhere current that the valuables of the parish were deposited with them, was itself a source of continual danger; while having for the most part wives and children, there were few so helpless to elude danger, or offering so many sides on which they were exposed to the worst injuries which evil men could inflict. Not to speak of those who died on their field of battle as truly as ever soldier died upon his, swept away by the plague while ministering to their people, it would be easy, even from the imperfect records which have come down to us, to make a list of enormous length of those who were murdered outright, or who died presently of the ill-treatment which they received. Yet there are no signs of any consequent shrinking upon their parts from their posts of duty and of danger—many signs to the contrary. Entries in the church-books of many a parish, which may be read to this present day, attest how manfully they stood by their people, oftentimes till the whole congregation had melted away and disappeared. When the bells were carried off, they went round and summoned their flocks to public prayer by word of mouth; when the church was burnt down, or so wrecked and defiled as to be unfit for divine offices, they brought them together in barns, in open fields, or in the deep recesses of the forest; and only ceased their ministry when, as frequently would happen, there actually remained no people to whom to minister any more.

There is scarcely one of the eminent theologians of Germany belonging to this time, whom we do not find, when we become acquainted at all with his personal history, to have been burnt out of house and home, perhaps more than once, and sometimes with extreme personal danger and distress ; chased at the least from his parish or his professor's chair, to wander for long years a fugitive and an exile through the land. Thus John Gerhard, the author of the greatest dogmatic work of the post-Reformation Lutheran theology, who, high in court favour, must have had more to lose than could have been the lot of his brethren in general, had his farms devastated and burnt, and all the cattle swept away by his Lutheran co-religionists, the Swedes ; and when a little later the Imperialists entered Jena, his house was by them stripped wellnigh bare. All this, however, was a trifle by comparison with what others went through.

I will relate to you here some passages in the life of John Valentine Andreä, an admirable Lutheran divine, and one of the most original writers of Germany ; 'a rose among thorns' Herder, who did much to revive his wellnigh forgotten name among his fellow-countrymen, has called him. The loss of the battle of Nordlingen (1636), where the Swedish arms suffered so disastrous an overthrow, brought miseries unutterable on Würtemberg. Not a small share of these was the portion of Calw, a small but flourishing town, where Andreä exercised his ministry. John de Wirth, a notorious partisan, had agreed to spare the place on the payment of 6,000 florins by way of *brandschat*. Learning, however, as he drew near to it, the zeal which it had shown in the Protestant cause, and that in a play

recently there represented the Pope had been burned in effigy, he gave up the town to the will of his soldiers. It was first thoroughly plundered, and then set on fire ; all the outlets having been carefully stopped, that so the inhabitants might perish, as large numbers of them actually did, in the flames. Andreä indeed with his family, having quitted the place before the arrival of the enemy, escaped this doom. They wandered for several days and nights in the neighbouring fields and thickets, together with a multitude of hungry, naked, and starving folk in the same evil case as themselves—with difficulty concealing themselves from bands of soldiers, who everywhere were hunting the fugitives to kill them. When the first fury of the assault had spent itself a little, he returned to find his own home with the chief part of the city in ashes, all that he possessed, including a valuable library, consumed, and enemies in occupation, as they continued to be for years, of the ruins which remained. Sheltering himself in a wretched hovel in the suburbs, surrounded by the dying and the dead (for there, as elsewhere, pestilence had followed hard on the heels of famine, as famine on the heels of war), he addressed himself almost single-handed to the bringing of some order out of the frightful disorder round him, to the office of a comforter, where all around him was hopeless, comfortless despair. Cut off from all intercourse with friends at a distance who might have helped him, with no means of his own, he yet, by prayers and entreaties and reproaches, got together food and medicine and some sort of attendance for the sick ; established an Orphans' Home for a multitude of desolate children, and when this was full, persuaded such of the citizens as had

saved anything, to take others into their houses, bringing all of them daily together for school and worship; pleaded with the hostile authorities for the ill-fated city; reminded the weak Prince of the land of duties which still remained for him to perform; sought to maintain such Church discipline as was still possible amid the gradual dissolution of all ties which held society together; the demoralization at once of laity and clergy which was advancing with ever more rapid strides. The only minister of God's Word and Sacraments who survived,—for two others had been carried off by the pestilence,—he brought to the dying the consolations of the Gospel, and within a few months himself followed to their graves with the last offices of the Church some seven hundred of his fellow-citizens, whom the same pestilence had swept away. The tide of success, when it again turned in favour of the Protestants, at first brought to him and his no relief, but rather an aggravation of ill; for flying bands of Imperialists passing through the city, furious at defeat, and now quitting it for ever, made a second sweep of all which had escaped the first wreck, or had since been painfully got together; and on this second occasion Andreä had again to fly, and again barely escaped with his life.¹

The records which some others have left behind them want the dignity which this story of Andreä

¹ I am sorry to have been obliged to tell this story of Andreä at second-hand; deriving it, however, from an excellent *Life of Andreä* written by Hossbach, 1819. His own *Lacrymæ Calvinenses* or *Threni Calvinenses*,—for I have seen the book quoted under both these names,—I have never been able to get sight of.

possesses, the narrators being more occupied in recording their own sufferings than the ways by which they sought to alleviate the sufferings of others. Such is the character of a curious autobiography which a poor country parson, Bötzingen by name, has left. Take a very brief summary of what he passed through in a single day. Certainly it was one of his worst days ; but many others were nearly, and some perhaps quite as full of outrage and wrong as this was. Having fled from Heldburg before a party of Imperial cavalry, he too wandered, under very much the same distressful conditions as Andreä had known, in the neighbouring woods for many nights and days. After a while, encouraged by the success which attended some others, he resolves to return and secure, if possible, some three hundred dollars, which he has concealed against an evil day under the floor of his house, and which, in the terror of his first flight, he had not ventured to carry with him. Scarcely has he slipped within the gates, when some troopers, who had been evidently on the watch, lay hold upon him, and at once set him to fodder and water their horses. Baffled in an attempt to evade his captors, he is this time well beaten with swords and bandoliers, fast tied with ropes, and so carried round the city, that he may point out the houses of the richer inhabitants, which as such might repay a more thorough scrutiny and overturning for the discovery of any valuables concealed in them. Among other houses he is carried to his own, where he sees lying empty on the floor the copper vessel which had contained his little treasure, and learns to what small profit he has run into the lion's jaws. Refusing to betray any, he receives a cut over the

head from a cutlass ; this, as it covered him with blood, might have rendered superfluous another, to prove whether he was 'fast,'¹ that is, invulnerable, as many were supposed, through compact with the devil, to be. Twice within an hour the Swedish Drink, made more disgusting than usual, is forced down his throat, all the teeth in his head being loosened in his attempts at resistance.² At length his tormentors resolve to drown him, but so that he shall yield them some amusement in the drowning. Flinging him into the river, one holding the rope which bound his feet, and another that which was fastened round his left arm, they drag him up and down until they are weary ; they then let go the ropes, calculating that he must be sufficiently exhausted to sink at once. Borne by the current beyond their reach (I do not quite understand the localities, but a mill on the river serves him in good stead), he divides the cords by aid of a small penknife which he has managed to retain, his

¹ There is a curious note in Wander's *Deutsche Sprachwörterbuch Lexicon*, p. 1722, on the pacts with the devil, and the various spells, amulets and the like, being furnished with which men were made 'fast,' so that henceforth they bore a charmed life, and became invulnerable to shot or steel. See also Freytag, *Aus d. Soldaten-Leben alter Zeit*, 1859. From a statement in *Notes and Queries* February 18, 1871, it would seem that such a superstition still survives in Germany, though white magic has in good part supplanted black magic. Many of the German soldiers carried about them in the late Franco-German war what they called 'Heaven-Letters,' which were believed to secure for the bearers the same immunity.

² This 'Swedish Drink' seems soon after the War to have found its way into courts of criminal justice ; and to have been by them used as a means of extorting confession (see Evelyn's *Journal*, March 11, 1651).

tormentors the meanwhile flinging at him sticks and tiles and brickbats with which to complete their work. For four or five hours he hides among some willow-bushes in the stream ; and then at nightfall crawls away with a body so bruised and swollen that, although the road was strewn with articles of dress, the cast-away wreck and plunder of the day, for some of which he would fain have exchanged his own torn and soaking garments, he is quite unable to stoop and pick them up ; must indeed have his own clothes cut off from him by one who affords him at length the shelter of a night. Such is a brief abridgement of one of poor Bötzingen's days ; there are other days, as I have said, nearly as bad, in some respects worse ; nor is there any reason to doubt that many a *Dorfprediger* in almost every corner of the land could have told a story of cruelty and outrage which would quite have equalled his.

Here is a glimpse into the history of another parish priest. It belongs to the year 1636, one of the most terrible years of the War. Plebanus (I fancy his rightful name is Völker), pastor of Miehlen, in Nassau, is obliged to fly with his wife and child to the neighbouring town of St. Goar, having been stripped of everything, miserably dragged at a horse's heels, and only ransomed from the hands of his captors by the payment for him of one hundred dollars. At St. Goar they all sicken of the plague, to which his child, a daughter of nineteen, falls a victim. After five weeks there he ventures to return, to see how it fares with the poor people of his charge. The most part of the village has been burned down ; of the houses which the fire has spared all save two are empty. In each

of these there is huddled together a heap of sick and hunger-bitten, and these so beaten, bruised, and otherwise maltreated by the Croats, that when four among them, having learned his arrival, crawled to the manse, beseeching that he would administer the Holy Communion to them and to the other sick, he was quite unable, *primo intuitu*, as he says, to recognize them, who they were. This request of theirs it was impossible for want of wine at this time to comply with. Only he spoke to them and to the others some words of comfort, even these being cut short by the announcement, which could bode no good to him, that a party of soldiers was in sight,—and he made his way back with fear and trembling to St. Goar.

A few days later he again found his way to Miehlen, that he might pray with, comfort, and bring the Holy Communion to the poor remnant of his flock. Some twenty were partakers, although their terror was so great that he was compelled to celebrate in three different spots, as they would not leave their several places of concealment. ‘On my return,’ he says, ‘I passed through Endlichhofen. There was not a living soul in the place ; but two huge dogs, issuing from Michelgen’s house, glared fiercely at me. Conjecturing that there were corpses in the house, I entered, though with trembling’—and he then proceeds to give some revolting details of men and little children whom he found there, half devoured by the dogs, and of cannibal doings which had recently found place in some other villages through which he passed. A few days after he is again at Miehlen, with his wife and two or three others. It is their purpose, in the bitter hunger, to thresh over again the straw

out of which the soldiers had already threshed the corn. About three pints of corn is the fruit of the toil of half a day on the part of them all. Even this is purchased at the imminent peril of their lives. A party of Croats on the watch upon a neighbouring church-tower catch sight of them on their return, and instantly ride out in pursuit. The fugitives, however, creeping along ditches, and concealed by them, contrive successfully to elude their pursuers. There is much more of most painful interest, of pitiful detail in his journal, which closes with a graphic account of the plunder, by the troops of John de Wirth, mentioned already, of Wehen, a village or small town to which he had been appointed pastor, his former parish having literally disappeared. On this occasion he had just time to escape with his wife and some others to some wooded heights above the place ; where lurking for the best part of two days, he watched the whole process of destruction, saw all which he had gotten together, in the belief that no immediate peril was at hand, scattered, carried off, or destroyed ; could note how what one left another took, what one missed another found. Diligent search was made for him, and many enquiries ; and no doubt, could he have been discovered, he would have been carried away and held for ransom. At the same time the atrocities and outrages were fewer and less extreme in character than on many similar occasions. Beds were torn from under sick women, and a few persons beaten ; but further than this the personal violence did not extend.

Such were the conditions under which the Clergy exercised their ministry, many of them, as everything attests, true 'sons of consolation,' who could comfort

others with the same comfort wherewith they were themselves comforted of God. For certainly one fact is most notable, as a sign of the temper in which this great tribulation was met by those who had to drink of its cup of pain deeper perhaps than any other. This I mean, namely, that very many and these among the most glorious compositions in the hymn-book of Protestant Germany date from the period of the Thirty Years' War. 'Many men,' as a poet of our own has said,

'Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

So was it here; and as this was a time full of suffering and wrath and wrong, so was it also a time when sacred song, which since Luther had shown comparatively little vitality, burst forth in a new luxuriance; and, most notable of all, is rich not so much, as one might beforehand have expected, in themes and lamentations, *Misereres* and cries *De profundis* (though these also are not wanting), as in *Te Deums* and *Magnificats*, hymns of high hope and holy joy, rising up from the darkness of this world to the throne of Him 'who giveth songs in the night,' and enables his servants to praise Him even in the fires—some among the chief sufferers, Paul Gerhard for instance, and Schirmer (the German Job as he called himself, with allusion to all that he had gone through), being the chief lyrists as well.¹

¹ See *Das Evangelische Trostlied um die Zeit des Dreissig-jährigen Krieges*, von D. C. Roosen. Dresden, 1862. Ger-vinus does not fear to say—'Die ganze deutsche Kirchenpoesie ist durch nichts so gefördert worden wie durch den Dreissig-jährigen Krieg, der des David Nothzeit über die Einzelnen verhängte.'

But the Clergy were not the only helpers and comforters in that evil time. There were those in the high places of the land who stood nobly forth ; and, as might be expected where deeds of patient love and earnest self-sacrifice were to be done, women the foremost among these. Thus Ursula, the wife of that Count Lewis of Hadamar already mentioned by me, stands before us in beautiful outline. Her husband's falling away to Rome was to her almost as a message of death ; but it did not shake her own constancy. While all the other Protestant Clergy were expelled from the land, she was permitted to retain a chaplain. She chose him, who, when every one else had shrunk from the task, had courage to break to her the tidings of her husband's fall ; and whom from that day she promised never to abandon. We are told of her that she devoted some hours daily to prayer and pious exercises, in part with the ladies of her little court, in part alone ; dedicating her whole time on the festivals of the Church to the same. It was a rule with her at least once in the week to receive the Holy Communion, and to withdraw for a full hour before the reception of it for a close examination of her conscience. When the Count her husband fasted according to the rules of his Church, she did the same, and this even in his absence, that she might not perplex her sons ; her daughters she had kept true to the Reformed faith. That her household was a model of Christian order and discipline it is scarcely needful to say, and as little that she was fruitful in all good works,

The last words remind us of Augustine's saying, ' *Davidica intelligit qui Davidica patitur.*'

at a time when the call for these was so urgent and loud ; nor did she merely dispense her alms by the hands of others, but might be often seen leaving the castle with only a single attendant, and passing to and fro among the pestilence-stricken huts and hospitals as one whom the plague could not hurt.

But she could not escape the consequences of a premature confinement. The chaplain, who had been permitted to her during life, was withdrawn from her in her last illness. The example of this beloved mother of her people had been the great obstacle to the spread of Romanism in Nassau ; and it was hoped that in this supreme hour she might be flattered or frightened from the steadfastness of her faith. Three Jesuit fathers surrounded her death-bed, but were unable to report a conversion. Even they, while they lamented that so many virtues should have wanted the foundation of a right faith, could not refrain their admiration for these ; and one, the writer of the Count's life, with a recognition honourable to him, all imperfect as it is, exclaims, ' It is a matter worthy to be deplored with tears that a spirit so noble by such a death should have passed into eternity.' But though he and his may have had their misgivings, and more than misgivings, as to the Presence into which that noble spirit had passed, her husband, who knew what in her he had lost, had none. He writes to his sister, ' How blessed, how Christian, how edifying her life was ! how peacefully, calling earnestly and relying confidently on our only Saviour Jesus Christ, did she depart from us out of this vale of misery into the eternal joy, setting her seal to this truth, that on a *holy life a blessed death will follow.*' He entered on

no second marriage, but remained faithful to her memory to the end.

How was it possible, some will be disposed to ask, that this conflict should have continued so long ; should have dragged on its horrid length for the entire lifetime of a generation, and ceased, not because either of the contending parties had obtained what it desired, nor indeed from any other cause save only from an absolute impossibility to carry it on any longer? That it probably would take this course, the statesmanlike vision of Gustavus Adolphus had anticipated from a very early date. In a letter to Oxenstiern, bearing date June 2, 1630, that is, eighteen years before the end—‘It seems to me,’ he writes, ‘that this whole War will draw out into length, and will be finished rather *tædio et morâ* than *impetu*.’ Its original purpose, namely, the suppression of the Reformation, and as the Emperor, though by no means all his allies, had hoped, with this an immense increase of the central Imperial authority, a recovery of all which for some centuries had been slipping away from its grasp, this had manifestly become hopeless from the period of the victories of Gustavus ; that is, before it had run half its course. By this time however it was no longer free to those who had begun to leave off with a confession of the hopelessness of their task. Other interests were now engaged ; other subjects had risen up before the combatants : not to say that other combatants had stepped down into the arena to take their share in the conflict. What was at first a German had become a European question. What at first had professed to be, and in measure was, a war for religious

objects, had become almost or wholly political. So entirely had it renounced even the show and semblance of being any other, that toward the conclusion of it the Imperial armies were for some time commanded by a Protestant, and one who made honourable profession of his faith and of his attachment to it.

There were many moments indeed when peace might have been made; but these profited nothing, when at each such opportunity those who for the moment had the better counted that it was folly to pause in the career of victory, and the worsted that it was baseness not to endeavour to repair their fortunes by another effort; when the winners would not rise from the table because they hoped that their present good fortune would continue to attend them, and that they might win all; and the losers because they trusted by some sudden turn of fortune to repair the losses which they had sustained. It was harder still to leave off, when it became only too evident that, as far as Germany was concerned, nobody was to be a winner, but all to be losers alike; that, in addition to all the lives, and all the wealth, and all the well-being, which had been flung into the bottomless pit of the War, and there lost for ever, new sacrifices of money, of territory, of influence, had still to be made as the only price of peace—those whom her divisions had encouraged and invited, refusing to quit their grasp, until she had compensated them for all they had inflicted upon her. Herein her case was a hard one. It was wittily likened by Calixtus, one of her most illustrious divines, to that of a burgher of Leipsic, over whose head a Swedish soldier broke his sword, and then sued him for the price of the weapon which

he had broken. This in small was indeed very much the case of Germany in large.

Those, however, who had sat down to the game, thinking to sweep the board, could ill endure to rise up from it, not merely winning nothing, but having incurred an incalculable loss. Almost anything seemed better than to acknowledge this as the issue of all. For indeed many a war has dragged on its miserable length for years after the objects with which it was commenced were clearly unattainable ; because those, on whom the responsibility of having begun it lay, have shrunk in their pride from owning that the objects it proposed were impossible from the first ; that it was therefore a most hideous mistake ever to have commenced it ; that all the treasure and all the blood which it had cost had been lavished utterly in vain. Better to go forward, to pour more treasure, more blood into the ever-yawning gulf, to hope against all hope for some unlooked-for turn of fortune which should yet justify the past, than to make so terrible a confession as this.

Then, too, one of the worst consequences of a protracted war is that there grows up a generation to which warfare has become a second nature, which has never known any other life but that of rapine and violence and sword-law, to which the blessings of peace are unknown, the very name of peace, with all the restraints which it will impose on their savage and brutal natures, is hateful. So was it here. We have authentic accounts of the fierce indignation with which the tidings that peace was at length concluded were received by the armies, as by men who accounted that they had acquired a vested right to go on spoiling,

and robbing and torturing for ever. They had become by this time a class by themselves, with interests of their own ; an armed nation camping in the midst of an unarmed, and for whom war had grown to be not a means to an end, but itself its own end ; so that, as the great Latin poet of the time described it—

‘ Non propter pacem, pro bello bella geruntur.’

And though gathered under hostile banners, they were agreed in this, that they alike regarded that wretched unarmed population as their prey. In some sort they understood one another. They would fight, if brought face to face ; yet with no deadly animosity, but rather as those who, on this side to-day, might be on the opposite to-morrow, and whose common trade of blood constituted a bond between them. It was indeed one of the ugliest features of the War that the cruelty and ferocity of the soldiery was not so much for one another—many stately courtesies would pass between *them*—but was all or nearly all reserved for the weak and the helpless, for the citizen and the peasant, the woman and the child.

Then further, when we are asking ourselves how the War could have continued so long, no doubt in its later periods the very exhaustion of Germany, being common to both sides, very much contributed to this. On neither side was there strength enough remaining to strike a decisive blow. The armies became ever smaller, as it became ever more and more impossible either to recruit or to feed them ; sometimes consisting nearly or altogether of cavalry, as the only troops who could even hope to gather the means of subsistence

for themselves. The military operations became ever feebler and more desultory, the results ever more inconclusive, though the misery of the wretched inhabitants who survived did not therefore diminish. But there was not now strength enough left in the desolated land for any vigorous cry to ascend for peace. There were very few to cry, and they felt the uselessness of crying. The War had gone on so long, there seemed no reason why it should not go on for ever. And thus, while in its earlier and middle period schemes of pacification, complaints, remonstrances, gradually deepening into voices of anguish, make themselves heard in a thousand flying leaves, pamphlets, and the like, for the last eight years there is almost nothing of the kind. A silence ghastlier than the wildest voices of pain and agony broods over the whole land, the silence of death and of an utter despair. It was not that it was suffering less ; on the contrary, it was, if possible, suffering more ; it was only that the woe had become speechless now. Let come what would, triumph who might, Germany, the old Germany, the Germany which men knew, had perished ; it was gone, as all men felt, and never could return. And all this wrath and wrong, this Iliad of woes, Germany had drawn with no sort of necessity upon herself. It was not with her as with some mother-land, which could look proudly forth on devastated fields, burned cities, on the graves of her slaughtered children ; for all these were the tokens of an heroic endurance, of liberty loved better than the life, won and not too dearly at the cost of all these sacrifices, or if not won, yet, nobly and worthily wooed. Nothing of the kind. Others may have taken advantage of her weakness

and divisions, of religious animosities so fierce as utterly to estrange her children from one another, but it was she herself, μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ, who had bred in her own bosom the monster which had devoured so much and was threatening to devour all.¹

¹ J. G. Droysen (*Gesch. d. Preussischen Politik*, 3rd part, p. 146) has set this forth in words of a terrible energy and power:— 'Wer siegen, wer erliegen mochte, das alte Deutschland war todt; nicht bloss politisch, auch in seinem Wohlstand, in seiner Zucht und Sitte; in jeder friedlichen Thätigkeit war es völlig zerstört; es war nur noch der wüste Tummelplatz, für die verwilderten Kriegshorden, die Freunden und Feinden gleich furchtbar, über die ausgesogenen Landschaften hin und her flutheten, in entfesselter Bestialität, in teuflischer Frevellust, in unersättlicher Mordlust und Habgier das Recht des Schwertes übend. So zertreten und zermalmt, in Elend, Hunger, Verzweiflung, jedem Frevel und Uebermuth, jeder Schande Preis gegeben, jammerten die Menschen nach Frieden, nach Frieden um jeden Preis; wer ihnen, ihrem Fleckchen deutscher Erde, "den lieben Frieden" brachte, der war ihr Retter. Was Kaiser und Reich, was Vaterland, und Ehre und Stoltz des deutschen Namens sei, das hatten in zwanzig Jahren voll Jammer die Alten vergessen, das herangewachsene Geschlecht nicht mehr kennen lernen. Es gab keine deutsche Nation mehr; es waren nur noch elende, zerrissene Reste eines untergegangenen Volkes.'

LECTURE V.

GERMANY AFTER THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

PEACE, at any price peace,—this was the one cry of Germany, so far at least as she had strength to utter a cry. And yet to many thoughtful minds it may well have seemed, and we are assured that it did seem, as if peace was impossible, so inextricably entangled were the knots which needed to be untied, so frightfully demoralized were all the contending parties by the long continuance of the struggle ; for indeed that was waged now with very different aims from those which had summoned an earlier generation, a generation which had now wellnigh passed away, to arms. What we might call the ideal aspect of the War—and there was at the outset a more or less ennobling ideal on both sides—the maintenance of the old faith in an undivided Germany on the Roman Catholic side, the assertion of freedom of conscience on the Protestant, was no more. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar had been the last witness for it, and it had died with him. And now the faintest shadow or pretence of a war waged for the glory of God or the good of his Church had disappeared.

I pause not to inquire what private virtues the two Ferdinands, father and son, may have possessed ; but this was certain, that for selfish dynastic objects they

had been willing that the land which they of all men were most bound to cherish and defend should become a wilderness and desolation, had themselves mainly contributed to reduce it to this. Then, too, the zeal of Sweden for the Gospel, of France for the liberties of Germany, everyone knew by this time at what rate to value these. The one thought which animated these intruders now—and they scarcely took the slightest pains to conceal it—was this, namely, what cities or provinces they could rend away from Germany, or how many millions of dollars they could yet wring from the devastated land as the price of their quitting it; and, consenting to relax their grasp upon it, what securities they could take before they went that the settlement arrived at should be one which should leave Germany always weak and always divided, unable to avenge past, or to resist future spoliations. Such is the judgment we must form of the chief actors in the War. Nor was it better with the smaller. There was one only anxiety among them all, namely, what they could each rescue for himself out of the universal ruin which had overtaken victors (if any could be so called) and vanquished together.

At the same time all professed, and had been professing for years, the uttermost eagerness for peace. War is so frightful a calamity, and this War had become such a horror, outdoing all similar horrors which had gone before, that, as may easily be supposed, all those concerned in it took every possible opportunity of declaring their own intense desire to bring it to a close; all of them sought by every device to lay upon others the guilt of prolonging it for their *own selfish ends*. From this it came to pass that

during the long course of the struggle there was probably no single moment at which, in one shape or another, openly or secretly, earnestly or only in pretence, with the hope of detaching some power from the opposite side, or of making it suspected that it was willing to be detached, or with some other motive, negotiations for peace, formal or informal, were not going forward between some of the parties engaged. Already, in 1636, an attempt had been made to assemble a Peace Congress at Cologne; another attempt, equally futile, followed, to bring one together at Hamburg. It was at length agreed that negotiations should take place in the two Westphalian cities, Osnabrück and Münster, which with this view were declared neutral. They were to commence July 11, 1643; but all the anguish and all the suffering of Germany so little quickened the movements of the negotiators, that it took nine months from this date before the chief members of the Congress had so much as come together.

For a long time the progress made was of the slowest; though, indeed, when we acquaint ourselves a little with the innumerable rivalries, ambitions, pretensions in mere matters of form, which asserted themselves there, clashing as these did each with some other, or with every other, it becomes a subject of marvel, not that affairs advanced so slowly, but that they should have advanced at all. That such questions should arise, unless indeed the terribleness of the evil to be arrested had induced one and all to cast all trumperies, all which was not essential, to the winds, and there were no tokens of any such magnanimity, was inevitable. Never before this, in modern Europe, had

so many or nearly so many representatives of the different powers, princes, and potentates of Christendom been brought together. It was the first Congress which at all deserved the name of European. Some will remember in Sir William Temple's instructive account of the negotiations at Nimeguen, some thirty years later, the embarrassments in mere matters of etiquette which beset every step, with the references to the precedents of the great Westphalian Congress, which were constantly made for the deciding of these. But now there were few traditions, on many points which arose there were none, by which to regulate the proceedings. Take, for example, the mere matter of precedence. All, it is true, recognized without dispute the foremost place in Christendom of the Emperor, and consequently of those by whom he was represented. But who should come next? Was it Spain or France, the Catholic King or the Most Christian? And when by some clever manœuvring France seemed to have obtained an acknowledgment of her better right, she found to her surprise and indignation this still called in question by her own ally, the Swede. 'One king is as good as another' were words which were reported to have once fallen from the lips of Gustavus, and they had not fallen to the ground. The embarrassment thus created was enormous, could only be got rid of by dividing the Congress into two parts, one at Osnabrück, the other at Münster, and contriving so to transact affairs that the rival allies should never come into collision. Then there was the interminable squabble whether the Envoys of the Electors should be styled Excellence, *one which did* not find its end till long after the West-

phalian Peace, the other Princes of the Empire resenting what they regarded as an attempt of the Electors to set themselves on an entirely different footing from them ; with other points of etiquette out of number.

These were but the forms ; and if men so contended for these, how much more for the substance ! There were some, as I have mentioned already, who totally despaired of peace ever arriving ; nor is it difficult to understand their despair when one contemplates all the unreason, all the greediness, all the jealousies which found free scope for their exercise at this Congress ; the claims of great and of little, crossing, counter-crossing, excluding, defeating one another ; those who had been gainers demanding to retain everything which they had gained, those who had been losers expecting to be reinstated in everything which they had lost. There is a Greek proverb, that when the oak falls every man goes a-wooding.¹ The huge and once so magnificent oak of the Holy Roman Empire had fallen, lay prostrate on the ground, and the spoilers were everywhere abroad ; some, indeed, like France and Sweden, strong enough to hack off and carry away huge branches ; others content if only the top and lop, or even some poor brushwood, might fall to their share ; but all resolved that the mighty ruin should yield some sort of booty to them.

Let it further be remembered that during all these negotiations the War itself was actively going forward, at least as actively as the utter exhaustion of all parties would permit, and more than one considerable battle was fought ; the alternating successes, the victories and defeats, constantly making themselves

¹ *Ἀνὸς πεσοῦσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλεύεται.*

felt in the council-chamber, causing demands to rise and fall, and in manifold ways disturbing the discussions there. Neither party would renounce the hope that some signal stroke of good fortune might immensely improve its position, and they were alike unwilling by any premature step to shut out the possibilities of this ; the Imperialists counting that another Nordlingen might reverse all, and place the Swedes and the Protestants once more at their feet, these other on their part waiting to see whether that superiority in arms, which lay manifestly on their side, might not become yet more decisive, so that, as complete masters of the situation, they might dictate what terms they would.

I am here on the threshold of the actual negotiations ; but I must not enter too deeply in these, lest I should find myself unawares entangled in a history of the Peace of Westphalia. At the same time I would fain follow up to their solution there, though in the briefest possible manner, such questions as have been directly raised in these Lectures, and rapidly state with what gains or what losses, with what objects attained or objects defeated, the chief actors of the war came forth from it ; only I would ask you to accept what I say as altogether of a fragmentary nature, as dealing only with some points of the settlement, chiefly such as we have been obliged to stir already, or else those to which the events of the last two years (1870-1) have imparted a new interest, passing by others almost as important in their way.

Servien, one of the French Envoys, obtained from *Chigi*, the Papal nuncio, the name of the Destroying

Angel of the Peace ; such obstacles did he in various ways, by his quarrelsome temper above all, oppose to any pacification. The Count of Trautmandorf, the Imperial plenipotentiary, might by a better right have been styled the Good Genius of the Congress. Penetrated through and through with the intolerable misery of Germany, he was resolved that the Congress should not disperse with its work undone, that no petty difficulties of any kind should be allowed to stand in the way of this consummation. It was late before he arrived to take share in its deliberations ; but his high rank, his higher character, the knowledge that he stood in the entire confidence of the Emperor, his perfect familiarity, as a well-exercised diplomatist with all the matters at issue, gave him an immense authority, which made itself powerfully felt, and ever in the interests of peace, from the first moment of his arrival. With his well-practised eye he at once perceived that, whatever else might be pretended as all-important to be settled, the point on which it really imported to come to terms was this, namely, with what share of the spoils of Germany would France and Sweden be content, what precautions against her becoming strong and united in the future would they insist upon taking, what was the least of these with the obtaining of which they would take themselves away. These, as will at once be seen, were questions entirely apart from and independent of the original causes of the War, but had grown with its growth into this disastrous prominence, and were now the primary questions of all, which once disposed of there would be nowhere else difficulties which could not be overcome. Let us first, then, speak of these.

The Crowns, by which name France and Sweden are known, when named together, in all the diplomatic papers of the time, had early hinted that it was only just they should receive some compensation or 'satisfaction'—for this was the word—for all the sacrifices which they had made, and losses which they had endured, in assisting to set things in Germany to rights; the Swedes not being ashamed to put into the bill which they presented the loss of their great King; for which, though in itself, as they declared, irreparable, they were willing to receive a material compensation. Those on the other side, and not very unnaturally from their point of view, denied the justice of those claims altogether. France and Sweden chose, uninvited, to mingle in a contest which was not theirs; what of loss or suffering they had thus entailed on themselves was the consequence of their own act. At the same time, since it was certain that neither the one nor the other would quit Germany till they had obtained, at least in part, what they demanded, they were invited to name the 'satisfaction' which they expected.

Their demands, when published, created the most profound and most painful impression; and no wonder. Sweden claimed for herself all Silesia, all Pomerania, with various outlying districts and cities, in fact about the third of Germany—so at least the remonstrants said—with some ninety German miles of coast, and the virtual command of all the three rivers, the Elbe, the Weser, and the Oder, by which Germany communicated with the Northern Sea and the Baltic. It is true that she was willing to hold these as fiefs of the Empire; so that, as she rejoined, Germany would *not thereby* suffer any loss, but on the contrary the

Emperor acquire new dignity when another monarch in addition to the Kings of Spain and Denmark did homage to him for a part of his dominions. The demand for Silesia, probably only put forward that there might be something to concede, was withdrawn. But in the matter of Pomerania, on which Sweden was as much set as was France on Alsace, a struggle ensued which threatened to defeat the whole work of pacification. 'The Great Elector,' who had in the year 1640 succeeded his weak and vacillating father, and on whom by the failure of another line Pomerania had devolved, declared the possession of it vital to Brandenburg, and would accept of nothing in its stead. Only when it was plain that if he continued the War, he must do it alone, did he give way, Sweden on her part contenting herself with half, though by far the better half, of the disputed province, and with the concession of all other her demands, less that of Silesia. A good part of these acquisitions Sweden lost half a century later, thanks to the hare-brained enterprizes of Charles the Twelfth; the rest remained with her a century longer, until among the various choppings and changings at the Congress of Vienna she accepted Norway in their stead. Beside these territorial acquisitions Sweden wrung out from Germany as additional 'satisfaction,' five millions of dollars. As her armies were not to quit the land till all was paid, Germany did not see the last of these till 1652, four years after the Peace had been concluded.

But if Sweden received all this, how much more ought France to receive?—and hers was indeed the lion's share of the spoil. She obtained, first, the recognition by the public law of Europe of her supreme

and sovereign right to the three bishoprics of Toul, Verdun, and Metz. These, a century before, taking advantage of the confusions of Germany, she had seized by a mixture of force and fraud, and since had held them by the former. But their loss, above all that of Metz, one of the famous Free Cities of the Empire, had never till now been accepted as an irreversible fact ; indeed up to this time had, as vigorously as was in the nature of the Empire, been protested against by word and deed. Then, too, France detached from the Empire—her whole military conduct of the War had been subordinated to this object—not indeed all Alsace, such as we now know it, but so much that she found no serious difficulty in drawing, little by little, what was left after that which was already gone.¹

There remained, connected with this cession, a secondary question, which it would be scarcely worth while to dwell on here, if it were not that the events of the last two or three years revive an interest in this as in many long-past events. Should Alsace, thus ceded, continue a fief of the Empire, and France hold it and do homage for it in the same way as Denmark held Holstein, and Sweden was to hold Pomerania ? Many in Germany earnestly wished this, and that so a portion of German soil should not be absolutely rent away from it, and, as must then have seemed, rent away from it for ever. But those most nearly concerned were little anxious for any such arrangement. The Emperor was not ambitious of so mighty a vassal as the King of France, who had already too many opportunities for meddling with the affairs of the Empire, and then would have more.

¹ See Adolf Schmidt, *Elsass und Lothringen*. Leipzig, 1870.

France, too, after some hesitation, came to the conclusion that it was not for the dignity of her Monarch that he should stand in any relation whatever of inferiority to the Cesar. Neither of the principal parties desiring that such should be the tenure, the Emperor's rights in Alsace, whatever these might be, were resigned absolutely and without reserve. There were few questions more fruitful of after difficulties, or in themselves more entangled, than this, namely, What did the Emperor cede to France when he ceded these rights? It is clear he could only cede those rights which he himself legally possessed. But the question what these rights were was pregnant with at least one after-war. Many have surmised that the French contrived of a purpose that the statements of the Treaty should be obscure, leaving in this way the future interpretation of them to remain with the strongest; which France did not doubt, from the experience of the past, that she herself would prove.¹ Some single cities, but at that time of vast strategic importance, as Breisach, the Mayence of the seventeenth century, commanding as it did the Lower Rhine, and Pignerol, the key to North Italy, were ceded to her as well. What a fatal breach was by all this made in the German defences, what a door opened by which France could enter when she chose, and lay waste the fairest provinces of her neighbour, the history of the next century and a half only too disastrously declared.¹ And pretexts could never be wanting.

¹ How little Germany has forgotten all this she has sufficiently shown in the tremendous penalties which she has exacted from her neighbour, now when her turn to be the stronger has arrived. The same was very happily uttered in a mot, ascribed,

As guaranteeing the execution of the Treaty, she could never want an excuse for interfering in the affairs of Germany, nor opportunities for sowing seeds of dissension in the heart of the Empire ; and, by allying herself now with one power and now with another, of effectually loosening all the bonds which held it as one body together.

Only that little Brandenburg has now grown into mighty Prussia, I would not trouble you with any notice of the booty which she made by the Peace. Her Elector, in lieu of Pomerania, which at length he consented to surrender, received four wealthy bishoprics, with the right of secularization. These, in themselves more valuable than that which was resigned, were yet of no such significance, political or commercial, to Prussia ; which was thus obliged for the present to forego the hope of becoming a dominant power on the Baltic. Then, too, there were other considerations which may very well have made the Elector only most reluctantly to accede to this arrangement. The secularization of church property,—the word, I may observe by the way, owes its birth to this period,—when first suggested, had been received with a cry of horror by the Roman Catholics, none denouncing it more loudly than the French Envoys. But the thing was in practice found so convenient, there being thus almost always at hand what was at once rich and defenceless, with which to appease some troublesome

I know not with what justice, to Ranke. After the capitulation of Sedan and the surrender of the French Emperor, an Englishman, who thought the war should now cease, asked the historian across a table at Berlin, ‘ But whom are you making war on now ? ’ ‘ *Lewis the Fourteenth*, ’ was the reply.

claimant, or which might be thrown in as a make weight, where the scales needed adjustment if every spoiler was to have his proper share, that to this they came all at last; even those who had at first protested against such sacrilege the loudest not disdaining in the end themselves to take a share in and to profit by it. But notwithstanding the general allowance of these alienations, it could not have been pleasant to forego an inheritance indubitably one's own, and to receive a compensation, questionable in so many aspects, in its stead.

The restoration of the Princes unjustly dispossessed, and of the Elector Palatine in particular, had been constantly put forward by the assailants of the House of Hapsburg as a main object of the War. Now, however, when it came to a final settlement, Charles Lewis, son of the Elector Palatine, and heir of his claims, found no one who cared to do earnest battle for him; while France, which had already in her view future German complications, and saw with prophetic eye how serviceable Bavaria might prove to her in the event of these, zealously supported the claims of Maximilian to retain what had been allotted to him, though by no legal act, of the forfeited dominions, namely, the Upper Palatinate, and together with this the Electoral Hat, and the precedence among the secular Electors which this had carried with it. Charles Lewis was obliged finally to content himself with the Lower or Rhenish Palatinate, which had remained as a sort of deposit in the Emperor's hands, and a few secularized bishoprics thrown into the bargain. Considering that he had nothing on his side but the justice of his claims, and was utterly helpless to enforce them, we

may rather wonder that he obtained anything than that he did not obtain all. Further to alleviate his wrong, an eighth Electorate was created in his favour; and it was provided that if at any time the male representatives of the Wilhelmine or Bavarian line should fail, the dominions of which he had been deprived should revert to him or to his heirs; who should again assume the first place in the Electoral College, the mystic seven of which should thus be restored, the eighth Electorate disappearing. This was not so idle a provision as it might have seemed at the time. A hundred and twenty-nine years after, in 1777, the Bavarian line of the House of Wittelsbach was extinguished; and all which was thus prearranged in such an eventuality actually came to pass.

In the matter of religious toleration, the arrangements of the Peace of Augsburg were confirmed, but with some important modifications. Those had recognized only Roman Catholics and Lutherans or adherents of the Confession of Augsburg. But the Swiss, or more properly the French, Reformation had since won its way in Germany, and it now became the public law of the Empire that those of this Confession should stand on exactly the same footing of advantage as the Lutherans, these two bodies constituting together what was called the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, as the Roman Catholics constituted the *Corpus Catholicorum*. While room was thus made for them, it was expressly laid down that no other religion should be received or tolerated in the Empire.

But the absolute liberty of conscience, even within these restricted limits, was only for princes, and not for subjects. 'For individual freedom of opinion,

very imperfect provision was made. Where in the normal year there had been Protestants in a Catholic territory, or Catholics in a Protestant, enjoying either the public or the private exercise of their religion, they were to retain the same privileges in future. Where this had not been the case, toleration was to be the rule in future ; dissidents were to be deprived of no civil rights, and permitted to say their prayers at home. But even these provisions did not extend to the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria. Nor did the Treaty prohibit—indeed it implicitly sanctioned—those enforced emigrations which have more than once excited in other European countries such lively feelings of compassion and indignation.¹ It is true that no prince who passed from one Confession to another could any longer claim to draw his subjects after him. All which he could do was to give perfect freedom of worship to those likeminded with himself ; nor of course could one who came to reign, being of a different faith from his predecessor and from the people over whom he reigned, demand that these last should adopt his religion ; and so far the monstrous maxim, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*, received its limitation.

Then, too, much had been violently taken by one party and the other, which was now to be restored. The Protestants demanded that 1618 should be recognized as the year which should determine what these restorations should be, and to the conditions of which all things should be brought back. This date would have drawn after it the entire undoing of all

¹ Bernard, *Lectures on Diplomacy*, p. 43.

which had been done in Bohemia, the recalling of the exiles, the reinvesting them in their estates, in their churches, and in the lands thereto pertaining. To this, however, the Court of Vienna was resolved, let it be brought to what extremities it might, never to consent ; but it could as little force upon the adverse side the date of 1630, which it would fain have substituted instead. At length a middle term was found,—one, indeed, advantageous to the Protestants, but which did not more than correspond to the superiority in the field which the later years of the contest had given them. The year 1624 was taken as the normal year, and January 1st of that year as the normal day (*annus et dies decretorius*). Whatever any party possessed on that day of that year was to remain with it; or if this had been since rent away, was to be restored to it ; but for all following time any ecclesiastical person changing his religion was by that act to be considered as vacating any preferment which he held, according to the rule of the *Reservatum Ecclesiasticum*. It will be seen that by this settlement the whole work of the Edict of Restitution went to nothing ; ‘*ibi omnis effusus labor* ;’ and that for which Ferdinand of Austria, and Maximilian of Bavaria, urged on by their Jesuit advisers, had shed such seas of blood, drawn the Goth and the Frank into Germany, convulsed it with an agony of twenty years, added to the earlier ten, was for ever renounced as an object not to be attained. The Roman Catholics by this compromise gave up all the rich endowments in the North of Germany, the Lutherans and Reformed entering into undisputed possession of the archbishoprics of Magdeburg and Bremen, of fourteen bishoprics, in-

cluding Lubeck, Brandenburg, Minden, and of numerous abbeys ; while with the Roman Catholics there remained the august names of Mayence and Treves and Cologne and Saltzburg, with others only a little inferior to these.

France having fought on what might be called the Protestant side in the War, but being herself a Roman Catholic power, could only avoid finding herself often in a very false position by abstaining altogether from any interference in the religious or ecclesiastical settlement of Germany. But while she did not openly meddle in this, she was active enough in setting forward such a constitution of the Empire as should deprive it in the future, and this even under the strongest provocations, of all promptitude, vigour, and unity of action, in helping to strip the Emperor of such remaining fragments and shows of power as till this date he had retained. It is true, no doubt, that for centuries past the whole course of events had been tending to a practical transformation of the Empire, however the forms of this might still survive, into a vast Confederation of Princes, Estates, Free Cities, each with such an amount of independence as should leave little more than the shadows and traditions of authority with its nominal Head, the substance and reality of this authority having passed altogether from him;—‘a fair bride, but without a dowry,’ as Henry the Fourth of France long since had called it. It is true too that much which was in this Treaty declared to be the public law of the Empire was only the legal recognition of that which had already for a longer or shorter period existed as fact.

For all this the step was a most significant one, in

the legal stamp and irrevocable character which this recognition gave to the conditions under which henceforward Germany should exist. Henceforward it should be free to all members of the Empire to do legally many things which already they had often illegally done ; as for example to contract alliances not merely with any other member of the same, but also with any power external to it, with only the saving clause that this must not be to the prejudice of the Emperor, or to the injury of any other member of the Empire; and must in other respects be consistent with the oath whereby they were bound to him and to it;—assuredly a clause capable of a sufficiently wide interpretation. What manner of interpretation it did receive in after years is sufficiently known.

It gives us an instructive glimpse of the conditions to which Germany was reduced—her every other longing absorbed in the one longing for peace—when a settlement such as this, which brought to none of her children all or nearly all which at so enormous a cost they had been struggling to obtain, which for many of them rendered for ever impossible the accomplishment of their dearest wishes—a settlement which drew in its train material losses in their way not inferior to the moral, stripped her of fairest provinces, and left the mouths of every one of her great rivers in the hand of strangers, which sealed her humiliation in a thousand ways—should yet have been hailed with rapture,¹ welcomed as a very gift from

¹ For an account of the grand festival at Nuremberg in celebration of the Peace, see the *Theatrum Europæum*, vol. vi. p. 937; and compare Freytag's *Bilder*, vol. ii. p. 202.

Heaven, should have evoked hymns of praise and thanksgiving which are even now among the loveliest that the German hymn-book possesses.¹ I say not this as though there was not abundant ground for thanksgiving. There was now at least some hope for the future, while before all had been darkness, death, and utter despair ; but for all this what must the woe have been, when such a termination of it could be so welcomed ?

When Peace was at length proclaimed, and Germany had leisure to take an inventory of her losses, it was not altogether impossible to make a rude and rough estimate of what her material losses had been. The statistics, so far as they were got together, tell a terrible tale. Frederick the Great thought it much that Prussia had lost one-ninth of its population during the agony of the Seven Years' War. But this was little indeed as compared with the waste of this earlier struggle. Of the population it was found that three-fourths, in some parts a far larger proportion, had perished ; or, not having perished, were not less effectually lost to their native land, having fled to

¹ We have more than one beautiful hymn of thanksgiving by Paul Gerhard on occasion of the Peace ; and these stanzas, from the hymn of a less-known poet, are a true heart-utterance :—

‘ Friede bauet, Friede richtet,
Krieg zerisset, Krieg zernichtet ;
Friede bringet Muth und Gut,
Kriege bringen Feur und Blut ;
Friede stammet aus dem Himmel,
Aus der Höll das Kriegsgetümmel ;
Was ist Friede ? Gottes Kind ;
Was ist Kriegen ? Schand und Sünd.’

Switzerland, to Holland, and to other countries, never to return from them again. Thus in one group of twenty villages which had not exceptionally suffered, eighty-five per cent., or more than four-fifths of the inhabitants, had disappeared; the word of the prophet having obtained a literal fulfilment—‘The city that went out by a thousand shall leave an hundred, and that which went forth by an hundred shall leave ten.’ Of the horses and larger cattle about the same proportion had perished; while there, as throughout the whole of the country, the sheep had been wholly swept away. Of the houses three-fourths were destroyed. Of those which remained standing the greater part were in a ruinous condition, large numbers having been unroofed by the inhabitants to avoid a tax which would have been otherwise levied upon them; others had been abandoned so long that trees had grown through the roof. Careful German writers assure us that there are districts which at this present day have just attained the population, the agricultural wealth, the productive powers which they had when the War commenced—that in fact in all these elements of prosperity they had been thrown back more than two hundred years.¹

We are wont not unfrequently to comfort ourselves in the contemplation of the huge and terrible waste of war with the thought that, deep as are the wounds which it inflicts, they presently heal again, and often leave not so much as a scar behind them; that the material damage which it brings with it is soon made good; while the discipline of pain through which it

¹ See on this subject some interesting calculations in Freytag, *Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit*, part ii. pp. 210–16.

has caused a nation to pass has a most salutary influence on the after-development of a people's life, which will have won a strength in war that will enable it to win the more blessed victories of peace, as it could never otherwise have won them. This no doubt is oftentimes most true. We have not seldom to admire the recovery, almost inconceivably rapid, of a people from the wreck and ruin, the depopulation, the destruction of external prosperity, which a war has caused. But then, if it shall be thus, the wounds must not have been *too* deep, the vital energies must not have been wasted too far. Above all, a people, however worsted, must have come out with something of honour from the conflict ; for nations as well as individual men live by the unseen ; and of a nation as of a man it is true, 'A wounded spirit who can bear?' Exactly such a wounded spirit was here. Indeed it would not be too much to say that the heart of Germany was broken, and no wonder—maimed, abridged, humiliated, as she was ; herself having had the least potential voice in the settlement of her own dearest affairs ; strangers having obtained a legal right to meddle with these, with power moreover to back this right, and to interpret its extent ; even those who, in part at least, had gained their point, namely the Protestants, having gained it far more by the arms of the foreigner than by their own ; and not for a century did she even begin to be heart-whole again. The immense value to Germany of Frederick the Great and of Rossbach was, that they gave her back that self-respect which for a dreary century intervening she had been without, and to want which is as disastrous for a nation as for a man.

And thus, from all these causes, so far from making good her losses in a few years, as did Prussia after the Seven Years' War, so far from the pulses of her life beating presently as strongly as ever, those who have studied the subject the deepest have no hesitation in declaring that there are wounds which Germany then inflicted on herself, and invited others to inflict upon her, which have only within these last days been healed ; that the War left a feebleness behind it in many regions of the national life, above all of the political life, from which she is only recovering now ; that many elements of civilization then disappeared which peace did not bring back again, and some of which are missing still. I believe they have perfect right in these conclusions of theirs. A terrible gulf lay between her present and her past. The whole manner of existence of the nation had become poorer, meaner than before ; and only by slowest degrees lifted itself out of that poverty and meanness again.

It was evidently so in outward things. It is hardly too much to say that in very many parts of the land everything which could perish had perished. Where was now the carved oak furniture in the house of the boor, the heirloom of many generations ? It had long ago supplied fuel for the bivouac, or been smashed in the mere lust of destruction. And the massive silver goblet ? It had found its way into the knapsack of the Croat or the Swede. Where now the glorious village church, built when Gothic art was in its prime, with its musical peal of bells, its gorgeous windows of stained glass ? Fenced round as almost all the churches of Germany were by a strong wall, it had *invited* destruction by the manifest fitness which it

possessed for a post of defence. Turned by one side or the other into an extempore fortress, a light gun planted on its roof or tower, it had in turn been battered with artillery; or been burned or blown up, so to dislodge the party who there defended themselves to the last—its place to be afterwards supplied by that type of poverty and meanness, the village country church as in so many parts of Germany we behold it now.

Of the literary and art treasures of Germany a vast amount had vanished; in part borne away by the spoiler, wrecked and ruined in part by the various accidents and violences of war. The celebrated library at Heidelberg, which had fallen into the hands of Maximilian, had by him been made a present to the Pope, and transported to Rome, where to this day it forms a most valuable portion of the Vatican Library. The famous *Codex Argenteus* of Ulphilas found its way from Prague to Sweden, being now, I believe, at Upsala. The same destiny befell the Emperor Rodolph's magnificent gallery of pictures, carried away from Prague as well; this also by a curious fortune finding its way to Rome, Queen Christina, on her abdication, having claimed and dealt with it as her personal property. A recent traveller in Sweden writes, 'How a Swede's blood must boil on reading the treasures carried off by her to Rome, spoils of the Thirty Years' War, lost for ever to the country.'¹ One would think that there are others whose blood had a better right to boil than the Swede. The same writer says elsewhere, 'The relics of the Thirty Years'

¹ Marryatt, *One Year in Sweden*, vol. ii. p. 151.

War in every palace, castle, and museum are marvellous.'

Where too were now the festal gatherings, the great shooting matches with arquebuss and cross-bow, which had been so frequent in the century preceding;¹ when at the invitation of some wealthy city, offering rich prizes to the winners, and bounteous entertainment to all, the competitors from some fifty cities, far and near, would accept the challenge, and in friendly rivalry dispute for the mastery? Intermitted during the Great War, as it used to be called till it acquired the name by which now we know it, they were never in North Germany resumed again. The cities, utterly impoverished, overwhelmed with debt, their chief citizens having in many cases been carried off as hostages or chased away, never to return, dragged on for many years to come a feeble existence, which was rather a vegetation than a life, and had no superfluous energies to bestow on contests like these. If such still survived at Frankfort, at Munich, and at a few other cities, it was only as the ghost and shadow of what once they had been. The whole municipal life, with all the picturesque ceremonial and rich symbolism which the Middle Ages had bequeathed to the modern world, and which in Germany had survived in strength until this time, had now vanished for ever. Commerce on a great scale had gone; it had been compelled to find out other channels for itself, and there was neither wealth nor the spirit of enterprize in the land to bring it back into those old channels which it

¹ For a lively account of these matches see Freytag, *Neue Bilder*, pp. 121-65.

had forsaken. Nor was it merely the more extensive operations of commerce which had received a blow, from which it took them more than a century to recover. The mere technical skill of the workmen in various arts and manufactures had suffered immensely ; that, for example, of goldsmiths, silversmiths, armourers, was manifestly very far below what it once had been. Woodcarving and engraving had nearly perished ; while the secrets of other arts, as of stained glass, had been forgotten, and, once lost, were not recovered again.

Then too this entire prostration of the commercial cities, with the ruin of the smaller nobility or landed gentry, and the impotence to which the Imperial authority had been reduced, left the power of the Electors and smaller Princes the only power that survived. There was at once an immense increase of this. The Estates ceased to be summoned any more, or languished into idlest forms, abdicating all those functions of assemblies of free men which they had hitherto exercised. The nobility, instead of rebuilding by patient thrift the walls of their shattered castles, and reducing to fertility their ravaged fields, betook themselves to the cities ; while yet, in the cessation of all political life, in the substitution by the Princes of a race of servile officials (*Beamten*) in the room of these their more natural councillors, there remained no healthy influence for them to exercise, no useful functions for them to fulfil. In the absence of such, quite another ideal of what was honourable and dignified grew up and found favour among them. Not to belong to the Court, not to hold some office from it—that Court a paltry imitation of Versailles—this was

to be nothing in one's own esteem or in the esteem of any other.

Here indeed we touch on the mischief of all mischiefs, which the Treaty of Westphalia bequeathed to Germany; that which was most painfully felt, or, still worse, too often was not felt as a mischief at all—I mean the relative position in which it left Germany and France. I speak not here, having spoken already, of the territorial losses of one and gains of the other, nor yet of the many facilities for insulting, injuring, robbing her neighbour, which France acquired, facilities which she was not slow to use; but of worse injuries, which without her intention, though not without her guilt, she inflicted upon her. For the remainder of the seventeenth century, and far into the eighteenth, the admiration of France, of her fashions, her language, her literature, and not of these only, of her frivolities, her follies, her vices, with an eager imitation of these, was as a worm gnawing at the root of all the nobler life of the German people. It is, indeed, altogether a mistake to assume, as some have done, that French influences working for this harm had at this time their beginning; that it was then first that France held out the cup of her sorceries, and that Germany was willing to drink of it. The mischief dates a century farther back; it would be safe to say from the reign of Charles the Fifth. It was in that reign that the smaller German Princes took the step so fatal to the fatherland, but not unnatural after Charles's treatment of more than one among them, of turning to France for help and protection against their own Emperor. As it was then that the disintegration, so then that this demoralization, of Germany, so far as

it can be traced to these sources, began. The Peace of Westphalia sealed and gave sanction to the old wrongs, added many new to those old, and prepared the way for many more. But for a century already Paris had been regarded as the centre not merely of the most potent monarchy in Europe, but of all that was most delightful, most worthy to be known and to be enjoyed. No young gentleman of rank was supposed to have completed his education till he had visited, and seldom to the advantage of his morals, the central city of the world's pleasures and delights.¹

Now, however, the tendency which had already set in grew stronger than ever. Everything favoured its growth. Just at the moment when Germany was at her lowest and weakest, at the nadir of her humiliation, France was at the zenith of her glory and her might. The great age, the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, was beginning to unroll its glories, Versailles was becoming the cynosure of all German eyes. Every petty prince with a territory of two or three square miles must have his army, though it were no larger than a corporal's guard, his Court, his chamberlains, his levée, his palaces, his fêtes, his mistresses; and if he could not imitate the grandeur, might at any rate hope to imitate the vices, of Versailles. There indeed, if there was frippery and tinsel only too much, yet all

¹ Moscherosch (Philander von Sittewald is the name by which in literature he is known), in a letter of date 1645, dwells on its perfections in language like this :—' Cette ville de Paris, ce monde, cet univers, ce paradis terrestre, où tout vient, où tout va, où tout est; et ce que ni l'Allemagne, ni l'Espagne, ni l'Italie, ni l'Ancleterre, ni les autres royaumes pourront fournir, présentera.'

was not such. There were realities of greatness behind, in some sort to justify the shows and pageants and ostentation of it, which so took the hearts and minds of men—a kingdom which in half a century had risen to be the mightiest in Europe, with its warriors and statesmen and poets and divines, all grouped round the central figure of a youthful monarch, who, after all is said, had some kingly features about him. But here there was nothing to redeem from contempt the wretched travestie of greatness which exhausted the means, debauched the morals, dwarfed into meanest pettiness the aspirations of a people, and from a multitude of centres diffused corruption over the whole land.¹

Frederick the Great paints in striking colours the moral anarchy to which the Seven Years' War had reduced many districts of Prussia, the taste for licence which the temporary silence of the laws had engendered; the cruel hardheartedness, the vile greed for gain, and the anarchic disorder which had succeeded to habits of mutual help, equity, and order.² But what could this have been to the moral wreck and ruin on an infinitely vaster stage which the 'Thirty Years' War must have left behind? It would be little to affirm that *one* whole generation had grown up amid the worst and wildest savagery which the modern world

¹ We are told of one of these very diminutive Princes, that he received Frederick the Great with much pomp and ceremony, expressing at the same time the satisfaction which it gave him to welcome the King in his dominions. There was a courteous irony in the greater Monarch's reply,—'Voilà deux Souverains qui se rencontrent.'

² Carlyle, *History of Frederick the Great*, vol. vi. p. 363.

has seen ; for, seeing that the future man is formed between the tenth and twentieth years of life, it might far more justly be affirmed that *three* generations had received the stamp and impress of that evil time—high and low equally without culture, or the opportunities of culture, for the Universities had been nearly deserted,¹ while the village schools during the later years of the War had in many regions, with the village population and the village itself, naturally gone out of existence altogether. The words which Schiller puts into the mouth of young Max Piccolomini too well describe the joyless youth, the education to all evil things, of such as sprung to manhood in this dreadful time :—

‘ Life has charms

Which we have ne’er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages ;
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves’ landing.
Whate’er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, oh ! nothing, nothing
Of that do we behold in our rude voyage ! ’

Three generations might have fitted these words to their lips. If Tacitus could regard himself and his contemporaries as in some sort survivors of their own selves, having respect to the fifteen years, no scanty portion, as he says, of a human life, whereof they had been robbed by the tyranny of Domitian,² seeing that

¹ Thus at Heidelberg there were only two students in 1626 ; at Helmstadt, all the Professors except Calixtus had taken flight.

² *Agricola*, 3.

during all that frightful time life had been no life for them, there were those now who could speak of exactly double that space of years, of which they had similarly been robbed. What their education had been I have attempted to describe. And to the remnant of the German people, educated thus, was now committed the task of restoring, materially and morally, their wretched and ruined land. Can we wonder that the restoration was slow and imperfect? Such, indeed, it proved. I take but a single illustration. There were parishes not a few in which long years after peace had been concluded, the primary elements of Christian civilization had not yet been gotten together anew, in which the church had not been rebuilt, nor the services of religion renewed. The difficulty of obtaining clergy for the innumerable vacant posts was extreme, almost all theological studies, all training for Holy Orders, having ceased during the War, and the difficulty of providing a maintenance for them not less. It was the same with the schoolmasters. The old broken-down soldier, whom it was often found necessary to employ, gave but scant promise that he would fulfil the duties of his office with any signal advantage to those committed to his charge.

But I must bring this lecture to a close. Others may tell, and it is a story well worth the telling, the ways in which animation little by little returned to that which showed at the moment like a corpse, with all its lifeblood drained out; but which yet, as the sequel proved, was not this, for the pulses of life, however faint and low, were beating in it yet. It is

the story, indeed, of a material prosperity so destroyed, that all had, so to speak, to begin again as from the beginning. Nor is this the worst. It is the story no less of humiliations prolonged into far after years, of miserable legacies, in many more shapes than one, bequeathed to the whole German people. It is a story so disheartening that, if this were all, it would little profit to tell it. But this is not all. It was indeed long before Germany could take account of her gains, or so much as believe that she had made gains, for brooding over all which she had lost. Yet there were gains. It may seem a dark saying, even as it was ascribed to one who in the old world bore the name of 'The Dark,' that war is the father of all things ;¹ but this much certainly is true, that if war is a great destroyer, it is also a great creator. Knots of entanglement which were impeding the growth of a nation for centuries it cuts in a hour ; by the work of a day makes new conditions of society possible, which were struggling for ages to be, but which, except for it, would never have come to the birth. Very slowly did Germany discern that this War had been to her the father of aught but ruin and shame and loss ; and more slowly still did she address herself to the making what thus of profit it had brought her own. But he who undertakes to record her story for the two centuries which have followed the Peace, will have to tell how 'in her impoverished cities, in her ridiculed and ridiculous petty principalities, sprang up from the blood-drenched soil, very slowly and painfully, but very surely, the seed

¹ Πόλεμος πατήρ πάντων.—*Heraclitus*.

of her second Renascence.' He may have many long and dreary spaces to travel over, but will take heart as he calls to mind that he is travelling by a road which will lead him at last to the War of Liberation, to Sadowa, and to Sedan.

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